The Nation.

August 1/8, 1987 $1.25; U.K. £1

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EDITORIAL

CHANGE AND CONTINUITY

Entrepreneur of dissent, staff psychiatrist, soother of outraged subscribers, salesman for shoestring dreams, promoter of political happenings, beggar for good causes, mediator, manager, cheerleader, organizer, con man—Hamilton Fish 3d has, during his nine and a half years as publisher of *The Nation*, worn many hats, all of them jauntily. Now, after almost a decade of presiding over the business side of this operation, he has decided that at age 35 it's time to move on and explore the possibility of running for Congress. (He is also co-producing a film on Klaus Barbie by Marcel Ophuls.)

To publish a grubby, troublemaking, muckraking, independent progressive journal in America in the 1980s is neither a glamorous occupation nor a conventional launch pad for political office. Yet Ham Fish is not a conventional person. He brought sparkle and enthusiasm to the job and to this office, and an absolutist commitment to freedom of the press. He has scrupulously honored the *Nation* ideal of editorial independence, resisting the temptation to interfere in the magazine's content even when he harbored real reservations about some of its editorial positions. As proof that virtue does not go unrewarded, he leaves *The Nation* with four times the number of subscribers it had when he arrived, with advertising revenues up threefold and with a new publisher, Arthur L. Carter, who is dedicated to carrying on the unique trust that has been handed down by a series of liberal and enlightened publishers since the magazine's founding in 1865.

We will miss Hamilton Fish 3d, although we strongly suspect that *The Nation*'s loss will be the country's gain. Politics is a notoriously chancy occupation, but compared with keeping afloat a left-liberal magazine in Reagan's America, it should be a piece of cake.

NOW REDUX
Andrew Kopkind

OLLIE'S SONG
Alexander Cockburn

LETTER FROM EUROPE
Daniel Singer

A PEOPLE'S CONSTITUTION
Howard Zinn

THE SOUTH PACIFIC
Glenn Alcalay

THE NEW YORK TROTS
Ellen W. Schrecker

SCHOOLS OF SCANDAL

A GUIDE TO IRAN/*CONTRA* THEORIES

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

At the end of one day of Lieut. Col. Oliver North's testimony before the Congressional select committees investigating the Iran/*contra* scandal, two conspiracy-minded journalists cornered a committee member and asked what it meant that three figures in the scandal (Director of Central Intelligence William Casey, Vice Adm. Arthur Moreau and National Security Council staff member Donald Fortier) had all died. "Yeah, I noticed that," the Congressman muttered. To which one of the reporters said, "What a plan they had."

Conspiracy theories of the Iran/*contra* affair have been flourishing since the first news of the scandal, and the testimony of North, Rear Adm. John Poindexter and others isn't likely to discourage them. What appears in the press as a parade of deceit and baffling revelations punctuated by the emergence of new celebrities (Fawn Hall, North) is in fact a historical episode with a variety of causes that demand explanation. The public and Congress need a comprehensible framework for making sense of the avalanche of details generated by the scandal and the hearings. The death of three Reagan Administration officials with links to the scandal is (probably) a coincidence. Many other seemingly puzzling revelations of the past nine months are not.

Why, for example, did President Reagan's secret operations rely so heavily on the close associates of Edwin Wilson, the renegade C.I.A. agent who sold explosives to Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi in the 1970s? Is it just coincidence that

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LETTERS.

OH, MULLARKEY

Evanston, Ill.

One would never know from Maureen Mullarkey's vitriolic and unreasoned review that in their two recent books, *Intercourse* and *Feminism Unmodified*, Andrea Dworkin and Catharine A. MacKinnon make a series of intellectual contributions to feminism that are destined to have historic impact, even if one disagrees with them ["Hard Cop, Soft Cop," May 30].

Within the first fifteen pages of her work, MacKinnon argues that gender "difference" cannot be understood except as gender domination; the domination constructs the difference. Since the sex act and gender are inextricably entwined, the status quo in pornography has real and immense implications for women. Dworkin argues that sexual intercourse occurs in the context of a power relation that is pervasive and incontrovertible. Her book draws its strength from a wealth of examples, from literature and law, of intercourse representing power. The cumulative impact is comparable to that of Susan Brownmiller on rape or Kate Millet on sexual politics.

But this would be hard to glean from the more than 2,000 words in *The Nation*'s review. Nor would one begin to understand how Burke Marshall, Assistant Attorney General in the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department from 1961 to 1965, could describe MacKinnon's book as "final evidence . . . that hers is the most powerful mind and forceful voice now at work in this critical section of the law." In Mullarkey's review, no reader can find a trace of the MacKinnon who first conceptualized sexual harassment as sex discrimination, an argument accepted by the Supreme Court, which provided the practical possibility of redress for every woman in the labor force.

The message that Dworkin and MacKinnon bring is unsettling. Neither of them is a Pollyanna. But the use of Nazi imagery to describe their books is both inappropriate and shocking, and trivializes what happened in the Holocaust. It is particularly abominable given Dworkin's extensive analysis in *Intercourse* of sexual sadism in the Holocaust and the loss of a substantial portion of her family in that time of horrors. *The Nation* should be ashamed. A review can disagree, of course, with Dworkin and MacKinnon, but it should take the time to explain the intellectual framework of the authors' arguments.

Pauline B. Bart
Jane Mansbridge

'NANNY-NANNY BOO-BOOING'

New York City

After reading Maureen Mullarkey's trash job on Andrea Dworkin and Catharine A. MacKinnon's new books, I thought, Looks like the *Nation* boys found themselves a woman to mouth their views, get back and get even. Then I looked at the names of the editorial staff, saw that nearly half are women and got sick—in that order. How could women, or humane and progressive men, for that matter, participate in publishing a review filled with such hatred and loathing for women, feminists and lesbians, and Dworkin and MacKinnon personally? The only explanation I can offer is the self-hatred we internalize as women in a male supremacist society. Mullarkey's mean ravings and disjointed ramblings constitute a new literary form—hate mail in the guise of serious criticism. Ironically, Mullarkey accuses Dworkin and MacKinnon of hating men, the First Amendment, penises, intercourse, heterosexuals and freedom, and of expressing this hatred in "hysterical" and "lunatic" prose. She then reproduces the very flaws she claims to have found in their works.

Having read both Dworkin and MacKinnon's books, I feel they deserve an intelligent and respectful review by a feminist critic, not Mullarkey's antifeminist, nanny-nanny boo-booing. Not once does the reviewer seriously consider the idea expressed in both books that one and only one sexual practice—intercourse, meaning penile penetration of the vagina with ejaculation of 435 million spermatozoa—has been prescribed for centuries as the only real way to have sex. This prescription has been forced and compelled for women and men, and has dangerous consequences for both, but especially for women. I suspect that this idea is too radical for *The Nation*. Yet women have been saying it for hundreds of years—feminists and nonfeminists alike.

Women who do not like or enjoy the specific sexual practice of penetration, whether they love men, women, both or neither, know and talk about intercourse, as Dworkin does. So, what's the big deal? Why the fear of analyzing the role that compulsory heterosexual intercourse plays in sexual politics? To read Mullarkey's rage, disguised as rational thought, one would think that Dworkin, MacKinnon, "goose-stepping" feminists and "porn squads" were going to physically stop her from ever having intercourse again.

Dworkin, MacKinnon and other feminists writing about sexual issues are encouraging women to think about the sexual practices we engage in. Whose pleasure and power is enhanced by intercourse? Unfortunately, Mullarkey never got the point.

Aside from the lesbian hating in her review, most offensive were the references to Dworkin and MacKinnon as storm troopers, Hitlers and Nazis, taking out after men (Jews). This is crude, racist propaganda reminiscent of the frequent claim that black people are reverse racists when they criticize whites. Women are [illegible]se sexists or even fascists when they criticize men, their ideas and sexual practices. Jews were an oppressed and despised group in fascist Europe; the fascists were the oppressors. Men cannot be equated with Jews because they are not the oppressed and despised group in "Amerika." Women are. Just read Mullarkey's piece again if you don't believe it.

Mary Lee Sargent

OFF OUR BACKS

Bloomington, Ind.

One correction to Maureen Mullarkey's rambunctious analysis of the Andrea Dworkin and Catharine A. MacKinnon missionary position. Although the pornography debate has definitely polarized the feminist community, it is not along sexual preference lines.

Lesbians writing in *Gay Community News*, *The Advocate*, *The New York Native* and *The Village Voice* have vehemently opposed the antipornography ordinance, pointing out that it could lead to the censorship of books such as *The Joy of Lesbian Sex* (pictures of vibrators could violate the clause prohibiting the depiction of objects in the vagina), lesbian erotic magazines such as *On Our Backs* (too many scenes involving the objectification and/or domination of women), and artwork such as Judy Chicago's *Dinner Party* or Tee Corinne's *Vaginal Landscapes* (portrayals of detached female body parts).

Gay men, who have little interest in heterosexual pornography, have also been quick to realize that restrictions on sexual expression in the media could soon be turned against gay literature in general. In Margaret Thatcher's Britain, Her Majesty's customs officials have repeatedly raided gay bookstores and confiscated imported stock (including one of my novels, which, though obscene by British standards, is used as a college textbook in this country).

True, many of the antiporn activists are lesbians, but their opposition arises from a feminist revulsion for institutionalized violence against women, not from their lesbian life style. I agree with Mullarkey that the remedy they propose is dangerously misguided, but it's too simplistic to explain the appeal of this position in terms of the old myth about lesbians hating men. We dykes take enough flak without having to be blamed for pornophobia!

Noretta Koertge

PORN IN THE U.S.A.

Staten Island, N.Y.

Recently, in preparing an essay for the journal *Women Artists News* ("Porn, Polls and Polemics," Winter 1986/1987, Feb.), I had occasion to survey a cross-section of the current literature on what might be called the impact of pornography on society. As a

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Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

Associate Publisher and President, David Parker; *Assistant General Manager,* Neil Black; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Stephen W. Soule; *Director of News Services,* Phillip Frazer; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Mitchel Cohen, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates Director,* Nancy Bacher; *Syndication,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1987 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau*: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $36; two years, $67. Add $9 for postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Stones Unturned

After Lieut. Col. Oliver North turned into a T-shirt icon and former national security adviser Rear Adm. John Poindexter took the rap for relocating the residuals, the Congressional select committees began winding down their investigation of the Iran/*contra* scandal. That only reinforced the misconception that the scandal is solely about whether President Reagan knew of the diversion. It is a pity the committees did not interpret their mandate more broadly and probe the implications of covert action for a free society. As Scott Armstrong, director of the National Security Archive, told the new journalistic watchdog *Extra!*, "They could have shown definitively that the executive branch—using private money raised from kings, sultans and potentates, as well as American citizens—implemented an elaborate foreign policy program that Congress would not approve." And the committees deliberately did not portray the breadth of North & Company's activities. There is plenty more to tell and explain. Here are a few examples, gathered by David Corn, *The Nation*'s Washington correspondent.

§ The committees have evidence indicating that North

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solicited and received assistance from Gen. Manuel Noriega, head of the Panamanian military, in conducting destabilizing operations within Nicaragua, according to a committee source. Though Noriega's offer to sponsor political assassinations was turned down, the Panamanian ruler did aid sabotage efforts within Nicaragua, the source said. This matter has not been addressed during the hearings. "It's too sensitive," said the committee source, adding that the issue will be left for the secret consideration of the House and Senate select committees on intelligence.

§ During nearly thirty-four hours of public questioning, North was never asked about the hand-drawn chart found in his safe, which depicted the private groups he used to provide various kinds of support for the *contras*. While much of the chart has been explained, one segment noting links between an "INTL YOUTH COMM" and "INST FOR DEMOC" and the *contras* remains a mystery. An aide to a member of the Iran/*contra* committees said this part of the chart refers to a second network of conservative foundations and tax-exempt groups North called on—a network distinct from the one organized by *contra* fund-raiser Carl (Spitz) Channell and publicist Richard Miller, both now under indictment for defrauding the government.

Two Washington-based journalists, Corky Johnson and William Montague, have suggested that North used the International Youth Year Commission and a series of Caribbean think tanks known collectively as the Institutes for Democracy, and that Roy Godson, director of the Washington office of the National Strategy Information Center and a National Security Council consultant, was a key player in this *contra* aid scheme. (A cornerstone of the pro-intelligence community lobby, N.S.I.C. was founded by the late Director of Central Intelligence William Casey in 1962.) According to documents released by the Iran/*contra* committees, Godson arranged for a $100,000 private contribution to the Heritage Foundation, which then passed the money to a nonprofit organization controlled by Miller. Part of these funds were then transferred to retired Maj. Gen. Richard Secord's Lake Resources account.

Under questioning by Representative Dante Fascell, North testified he met with Godson; Clyde H. (Terry) Slease 3d, an attorney connected to conservative philanthropist Richard Scaife; and former national security adviser Robert McFarlane to discuss "nonmilitary" operations in support of the *contras*. But he would not elaborate, citing an agreement he had with the committees not to discuss the subject in public. "'Nonmilitary activities' is a B.S. cover for this second network," the aide maintained. He said that committee investigators believe it included a number of prominent conservative groups, but the committees have not pursued this trail. Another staffer confirmed the committees "are not interested" in the private network and said he had a "hunch" that Democratic members feared they would look too partisan if they went after established conservative organizations. "There had to be some lines drawn," he said.

§ Throughout the hearings, there have been several vague mentions of joint U.S.-Israeli covert initiatives, including some for the *contras*' benefit. The committees have released documents regarding two such initiatives. One, a September 15, 1986, memorandum from North to Poindexter, heavily excised, refers to a U.S.-Israeli "joint initiative" without detailing it. The Tower commission report, however, published a more complete version of the memorandum, revealing that Yitzhak Rabin, then Defense Minister, "offered a significant quantity of captured Soviet bloc arms" for use by the *contras*. In a May 1986 note North told Poindexter that Israel was "willing to put 20-50 Spanish speaking military trainers/advisers into" Central America, presumably to help the *contras*. When asked recently why the committees have not probed the Israeli role more extensively, Senator William Cohen replied, "What more is there to say?"

The performances of North and Poindexter emboldened pro-Administration committee members to call for presidential pardons of both men and a premature conclusion of the hearings. If the committees' duty is only to determine what Reagan knew about the diversion, perhaps they are right to shut down the hearings. If their task is to draw a complete and clear picture of exactly what North and his associates were up to, much more remains to be told.

NOW Redux

At noon on a shimmering Saturday in mid-July, a column of 4,000 feminist women (and many men sympathetic to their project) emerged from the shallow canyons of downtown Philadelphia into the expanse of Independence Mall. The parade turned to skirt a long queue of tourists waiting to see the Liberty Bell, and beyond them a small audience assembled to hear the massed chorus and band of the Coral Springs High School of Coral Springs, Florida. A teen-age flutist in the band, sweltering in her heavy-braided uniform, watched the exuberant paraders. "They're the pro-abortion people," she told the bandmates by her side. "Are you guys pro-abortion?" One girl shook her head in the affirmative. The others giggled and turned away.

Eleanor Smeal, the outgoing president and persistent firebrand of NOW, the National Organization for Women, whose national convention delegates organized and led the march, greeted the demonstrators. "Who says the women's movement is passé?" she shouted over the public-address system. Certainly none of the women doubted that feminism is still a viable, even vanguard force for change in America. The energy that the movement can release is, if anything, more potent and infectious than ever, as evidenced in the corridors and meeting rooms of the hotel where the weekend convention was held, as well as on the streets and plazas of the city where the marchers trooped. Organized women's demands for power and equity in the nation's political and social institutions have hardly diminished in the two decades since NOW's founding (not to mention the two centuries since the framers of the Constitution met, near the rally's site, to secure a more perfect union for white men

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with money). What is very much in contention, however, are the appropriate organizations and strategies to reach those goals.

Since the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment in 1982, when time ran out on ratification with three more states needed for approval, feminist organizations have concentrated on legislative lobbying for legal protection and welfare benefits of particular importance for women—pay equity, child-care services, affirmative action in the workplace and education, abortion and birth control rights, lesbian and gay rights—and on promoting women and feminist men for political office. Geraldine Ferraro's candidacy for Vice President in 1984 was, in effect, the next great feminist campaign after the E.R.A., and even if neither of them seemed radical at the time, both defeats weigh heavily on women's hearts. The struggles were in many ways more important than any possible results of victory. The campaigns were a means of organizing power and projecting a presence in the political arena. It's true that Ferraro didn't lose—the man on the top of the ticket lost—but her mediocre performance dashed the expectations for the empowerment of women in national politics that her nomination had raised.

Organized feminism has another chance this time around. If Colorado Representative Patricia Schroeder decides, within a few months, to make her entrance into the presidential race official, it could do more for the power of sisterhood than any single campaign since suffrage. NOW leaders invited Schroeder to their convention and in effect endorsed her candidacy, raised a pile of money for her and began organizing a rudimentary volunteer campaign network from among the chapter members. At the convention, "Run, Pat, Run" buttons replaced "Borkbusters" pins as the emblem of choice, and when Schroeder strode into the Wyndham Franklin Plaza Hotel, arms raised and fists clenched, a high-pitched cry rang out in an awesome burst of energy. Like the greeting Jesse Jackson got from black rallies in 1984, Schroeder's reception from the women of NOW was informed by a release of anger, optimism and strength.

Jane Mansbridge, the political scientist who studied the ratification attempt in her book *Why We Lost The E.R.A.*, said recently that although the amendment was not ratified, the campaign created an enormous amount of excitement in the American hinterland, because "women found that the things that made them mad were part of the political structure," that is, the old axiom of feminism that the personal is political. "It was that anger that gave them the energy to make all those phone calls at night," Mansbridge said, to organize without pay and to keep going when the men were parked in front of the TV or doing their workaday jobs.

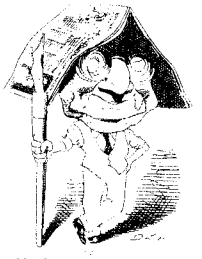
The same excitement can be harnessed for Schroeder, and Smeal believes women will enter political campaigns in 1988 and after in unprecedented numbers. She's counting on it, in fact, and plans to go on tour to promote what NOW calls the "feminization of power" in America.

"We'll urge women not to work for candidates who ignore them, to challenge sexist candidates in any party, wherever they appear," Smeal told me during a convention session. "We'll drive up the price of the races, and we'll keep it going. We'll support progressive women, and we have a history of supporting men with progressive politics over nonfeminist women," like Frank Lautenberg over Millicent Fenwick in the New Jersey senatorial race in 1982.

Schroeder more than meets their test. Her mainstream feminist credentials are impeccable, and her liberal record is nearly perfect. NOW raised over $300,000 in pledges and collected $50,000 immediately for her from delegates representing thirty-three states in twenty minutes of pitching at the convention, which could qualify her for Federal matching funds when her campaign starts and the pledges are paid. In the heat of the moment some women may have indulged their delicious fantasy of a woman in the Oval Office, but in presidential politics these days, winning is not the only thing. Schroeder talks to her constituency of feminist-minded women as Jackson talks to blacks, especially those in his coalition. And they both talk about the same thing: power for a politically marginal and potentially crucial insurgent force. In fact, their campaigns are more complementary than mutually excluding. NOW's women are white and Jackson's most fervent followers will be black—despite some interesting crossovers in both camps. If the two last out the campaign, they could go to the Democratic Convention in Atlanta next year with a new progressive coalition of women and minorities that would seriously threaten the white men (as both candidates say) who control the party. Democrats have not dealt with real anger in the ranks since 1968. It may be that next summer the time will be right for some racing in the street.

ANDREW KOPKIND

I.F. STONE REPORTS: A Rabid Manifesto



"The national media [in reporting on the Iran/*contra* hearings] is out of touch with America. . . . [and demonstrates] how far apart we, as a people, have become—and not simply on the issue of Central America. Americans of Left and Right no longer share the same religion, the same values, the same codes of morality; we only inhabit the same piece of land."

—Patrick Buchanan, until recently White House director of communications, arguing for a presidential pardon of Rear Adm. John Poindexter and Lieut. Col. Oliver North in The Washington Post, *July 19.*

This is the very same spirit that has spawned death squads and *desaparecidos* under Latin America's military juntas. Note that "Left" in the Buchanan lexicon includes the media, the Congress, the Democratic Party and possibly anyone who disagrees with him.

—I. F. STONE

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

The Right's Chicago Trial

Fascism with a human face, in this case the visage of Lieut. Col. Oliver North, disturbed more than the left political community, which has been correctly proclaiming a Reagan *putsch* for years. As President Reagan ages in the attic, the youthful colonel spoke up as Reagan écorché, self-satisfied in his contempt for Congress, for law, for the Constitution. If the efficient procedures of the soap opera could be applied, Reagan would now be written out of the script and Ollie brought in as the new lead, as good an actor at half the age. But the scriptwriters are already in Iowa, and Olliemania will have the staying power of the hula hoop.

A friend of mine, active in the New Left and the antiwar movement at the end of the 1960s, remarked to me that North reminded him of himself twenty years ago: ebullient, brimful of confidence as the exponent of history's true mission, histrionically effective in playing to the gallery to the discomfort of vested authority. The Iran/*contra* hearings have, in a sense, been the right's echo of the Chicago conspiracy trial. In both cases those in the dock or at the witness table had the political certitude to face down their inquisitors and seize control of the proceedings. The Chicago trial concluded radicalism's season as the pacemaker of political discourse, and the Iran/*contra* inquiry is a similar swan song for the right.

This is not to insinuate that Reaganites are the moral equivalents of radicals. The Chicago Eight were trying to stop the kind of war Colonel North was trying to start, and they were the sort of people he had in mind when he collaborated in the Federal Emergency Management Agency's secret contingency plan to suspend the Constitution and appoint military commanders to run state and local governments under martial law during a national crisis, understood to include domestic opposition to a military invasion abroad. It is still unclear whether Reagan ever signed an executive order consummating North's vision. Those plans for martial law may be in the files now, waiting to become operational. When the excellent Representative Jack Brooks tried to question North about the secret contingency plan, Senator Daniel Inouye, sheeplike, cut him off.

Bosco's Coup

North's testimony may mark the end of an era, but that does not mean the Democrats have anything lined up by way of uplifting replacement. The homilies of David Boren of Oklahoma, Lee Hamilton of Indiana and the others were heavy with eclogues to "bipartisanship." Hamilton, the man who in 1985 found no reason to suspect North of any circumvention of the Boland amendment, insisted virtuously, "During my six years on the Intelligence Committee, over 90 percent of the covert actions that were recommended to us by the President were supported and approved."

Small wonder that after listening appreciatively to this underdogged mush, the White House announced it would increase the amount of aid for the *contras* that it had been planning to seek from Congress. As we move toward the vote on *contra* aid, we may expect the traditional barrage of propaganda about Sandinista abuse of human rights and *contra* military triumphs in the field. Indeed, on July 17, *The New York Times* ran a story from its military correspondent Bernard Trainor, headed "Nicaraguan Rebels Say They Won Biggest Victory Over Sandinistas." In *The Times*'s first edition Trainor merely relayed the claim of *contra* spokesman Bosco Matamoros that the Sandinista military garrison at San José de Bocay had been overrun. Trainor says that Matamoros called him up from Honduras announcing that he had some good news, as relayed to him at midday from the *contra* unit in the field. In time for the second edition Trainor got the State Department to agree that there had been heavy fighting in the area, but no confirmation from Nicaragua of anything resembling Matamoros's claim.

Two days later Stephen Kinzer reported from the scene that the *contras* had not overrun the garrison but had managed to kill nine Sandinista soldiers, three children and a pregnant woman. As Trainor remarked to me, "Matamoros has been strangely quiet since then." Nonetheless, Matamoros has every reason for satisfaction. On one phone call from Honduras he got a headline in *The Times* claiming a major *contra* victory at exactly the moment Olliemania was supposedly producing support for the *contra* cause.

This raid would have provided a good opportunity for the Iran/*contra* committees to recall North. One of those deferential inquisitors could have said: "Colonel North, when you were asked about that $13,800 security gate for your house you said that you had received a threat from Abu Nidal, one of the world's foremost terrorists. Then you held up a large blowup of material about Nidal and said that though you would be happy to meet him on equal terms, Nidal was not likely to accommodate you, and your concern was for the lives of your wife and children. Well, Colonel North, here is a large photograph of José Domingo Martínez Vivas, standing beside the bodies of his wife and 3-year-old son after they had been murdered in San José de Bocay by the *contras* whom you helped to train and arm. José would probably like to meet you on equal terms, Colonel North, but he won't have that opportunity. He won't be able to fiddle a $13,800 security gate either. So tell us, Colonel North, in what way are you any less of a terrorist than Abu Nidal?"

Ralph's Thermidor

The Ralph cover-up continues. Ralph was the thirty-pound lobster scheduled for display in the New England Aquarium, who died on July 9, supposedly after a fall. The story put out by the aquarium was that Ralph had fallen from a scale while being weighed, had been "irreparably cracked" and subsequently "destroyed" because of the possibility of infection.

A full Congressional inquiry is in preparation to consider the central unresolved question.

Did he jump or was he pushed? Ralph was more than a

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yard long, thirty-nine inches to be precise. He was hauled up from Georges Bank, where he had spent the previous half-century, probably entering the world at the time of the Spanish Civil War, and was sold to the aquarium for $127.50. An aquarium spokeswoman, Sandra Goldfarb, was defensive when reached by my colleague Ken Silverstein. She wondered whether "anyone is interested in this" and then, with reluctance, divulged that "they were weighing the lobster and it moved—the scale has a curved container—the scale separated and the container part broke free." Ralph then "fell to the counter" and cracked his shell. He was "euthanized" forthwith.

Now, it is possible that Ralph, foreseeing decades of incarceration, ogled all the while by impudent Bostonians, simply decided to take the fall, as Colonel North would put it, and leaped from the container. It is also possible—and Goldfarb's extreme unease fortifies suspicion—that someone thought Ralph would look great on a grill. It is unclear what happened to Ralph's remains. Goldfarb says that the giant lobster was not preserved because the aquarium already has another one on display. Senator Inouye says the hearings will be bipartisan and doubts the existence of a smoking gun.

Shamed

Goaded by two installments run in this column of the letter sent to it by Tony Jenkins a year ago, *The New York Review of Books*, in its issue of August 13, has finally managed to publish this same letter. *The New York Review* also prints: a letter from Patt Derian, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs in the Carter Administration, confirming Jenkins's account of a 1984 rally held in Chinandega and accusing Robert Leiken again of being "slippery" and of using "a free ride on a human rights trip" for his own ends; letters supportive of Leiken from his old traveling crony Bernard Aronson and from Nina Shea, Washington director of the Puebla Institute, which, on the testimony of Edgar Chamorro, was founded as a C.I.A. front; and from Leiken, his strength suddenly restored after months of delay, a characteristically dishonest response. For readers' convenience, the balance of Jenkins's letter appears below.

> Leiken knows his credentials are weak, so he deceitfully claims the endorsement of respected liberals such as Patt Derian, who was President Carter's Assistant Secretary for Human Rights. "I find Leiken's efforts to incorporate me, as an expert to validate his views, a slippery technique," says Derian. She complains that he alludes to events that occurred in her presence and then indiscriminately tacks on descriptions of other events or personal opinions of which she has no knowledge, in order to make it appear that she can confirm his information or that she agrees with his conclusions.
>
> For example, Leiken has consistently lied about events at an opposition rally that occurred in the Nicaraguan town of Chinandega in 1984. He was not at the rally; I was. I accompanied a TV crew who recorded most of the event. Backed by this evidence, I have, elsewhere, exposed Leiken's description as a tissue of lies. Nevertheless Leiken claims that his version was confirmed, in front of Derian and others, by several Chinandegans during a visit to that town earlier this year [1986]. But Derian says, "I cannot confirm anything except that one doctor told us that Arturo Cruz came into town and along the main street in a car, and not in a parade or on foot, as Leiken has said." In other words Derian will not endorse the Leiken version and specifically exposes one lie which he has now repeated on several occasions.
>
> In a similar way Leiken has tried to discredit the Nicaraguan elections by quoting anonymous "party leaders," hinting darkly at the possibility of electoral fraud. To boost his shaky evidence in his *NYR* piece of December 5, 1985, he "quoted" Adolfo Evertsz, a leader of the Socialist Party (for, by inference, if the Socialists who are Sandinista allies condemn the elections, we know they must have been rigged). But Evertsz says he has no recollection of ever having met Leiken; he denies the misstatements Leiken attributes to him and suggests that Leiken mistranslated a speech he made which was broadcast on Nicaraguan television, and used the mistranslated comments as if they had been made in an interview. The statement Leiken puts into Evertsz's mouth speaks of Sandinista efforts "to confuse and frighten people" and of threats of reprisals against nonvoters. Evertsz says "these statements are ridiculous" and refutes other "quotes" Leiken attributes to anonymous Socialist Party officers.
>
> As part of the effort to establish his credentials as a scholar Leiken claims a virtual monopoly on the facts; he says his critics should "distinguish false speculations from factual claims." Yet even on matters as simple as the names of political parties Leiken gets his own facts all wrong; as I detailed in my earlier letter he garbles the history of the various Nicaraguan conservative parties. His purpose is subtle: to prove that one conservative faction "was awarded official status by the Sandinista courts," implying that the courts are pliant to government pressure. To anyone who has studied the Nicaraguan legal system this charge is ridiculous.
>
> Nicaragua still uses, virtually unaltered, the pre-revolutionary legal code, while many judges are non-Sandinistas and distrustful of police evidence. It was partly for this reason, and to boost the rate and speed of convictions, that the government created the so-called Anti-Somocista Popular Tribunals—the kangaroo courts which try wartime Public Order offenses and which closely parallel Northern Ireland's Diplock courts.
>
> But all civil and criminal cases still go through the normal judicial system. The case to which Leiken refers was heard by the seven members of the Supreme Court, of whom two were self-proclaimed conservatives and a third was a member of the Independent Liberal Party. Shortly afterwards, in a public display of judicial independence, the head of the Supreme Court threatened to resign unless Sandinista authorities executed his court orders. The news was trumpeted delightedly on the front page of the opposition paper, *La Prensa*. Even the bitterly anti-Sandinista lawyer Enrique Sotelo Borgen, whom Leiken has quoted at length in his own defense, describes the Supreme Court as "impartial."
>
> I could go on like this forever, unmasking Leiken's lies, slurs and mistakes, but you won't let me. . .
>
> Yours faithfully,
> Tony Jenkins

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In the course of his demented re-enactment of *Triumph of the Will*, Lieut. Col. Oliver North did perform one signal service for democracy. He told the cringing Congressmen to their faces that he recognizes no higher loyalty than the caste-bound fraternity of the paramilitary right. Men like North can be found at gun clubs, beer-belly reunions and charismatic tent meetings from sea to polluted sea. He is of the type that formed the *Freikorps* and took part in the march on Rome. He has the required kinship with the Phalange, the Somocistas and their modern-day mercenary equivalents. The only interesting question about such a classic, banal type is this: How did he become the special executioner for a nominally democratic government?

I have suggested here that the paramilitary wing of the Reagan team was in business before the 1980 election. The operation on which this team cut its teeth was known as the "October surprise," a coordinated effort to deny President Carter the politicial kudos that would have accrued from a negotiated *or* a military deliverance of the hostages in Iran. For this purpose, and according to their own testimony, the paramilitary Reaganites divided into two wings. One was headed by William Casey and the other by Richard Allen. Both campaign managers were to step into command of "national security" when Reagan was elected.

In testimony before a lenient and torpid Congress, North revealed that it was Casey who had summoned Maj. Gen. Richard Secord from the disgrace into which he had fallen after a procurement scandal at the Pentagon. And in a moist and loving profile of North in *The Washingtonian* for July 1987, two of the colonel's friends and fellow "terrorism experts" revealed that it was Allen who had talent-spotted him onto the National Security Council. It's of some interest, then, that both Secord and North were involved in the "Desert One" fiasco of April 1980. Secord, who had been in Iran from 1975 to 1978 as a dogged servant of the special relationship with the Shah, helped plan the Air Force's role in the absurdly named Eagle Claw operation that ended with smashed helicopters on the sand. North, for reasons nobody has been able to ascertain, was monitoring the disaster from the Turkish-Iranian border.

Moreover, and according to retired Lieut. Gen. Samuel Wilson, at least three leaders of the Desert One mission went on to wage Reagan's secret war in Nicaragua. Wilson was vice chair of the Pentagon review panel that conducted the literal and metaphorical post-mortem on Eagle Claw. The panel found evidence of negligence that surprised even those who are hardened to military incompetence. By Wilson's account, the three Desert One operators who were later mobilized into illegal warfare in Nicaragua were Secord, Lieut. Col. Richard Gadd and Col. Robert Dutton. Dutton is a business associate of Secord. Gadd's American National Management Corporation employs former Special Forces Master Sgt. John Cupp, who recruited three other, unnamed, Desert One veterans for the operation that gave us Eugene Hasenfus.

All this, of course, may mean nothing. The American *Freikorps* is quite small, and the same names do keep turning up. But consider the coincidences against the background of two other bits of evidence. First, it has been established by numerous journalistic and diplomatic authorities present in Teheran in April 1980 that the Khomeini leadership knew a rescue operation was impending. The mullahs attributed the failure of Carter's expedition to God, but they don't say it was God who tipped them off. Second, we have the hysterical lying of Edwin Meese 3d on November 25 last. At his now-famous press conference he said that earlier Israeli shipments of weapons to Iran had been made without prior U.S. authorization. When he said that, he knew it to be part of a false cover story hastily crafted by William Casey. From the very beginning of this affair, there has been a desperate effort to avoid the question, Why did arms go to Iran so early, when there were no hostages in Teheran or Beirut and no prospective "moderates" either? It is on an answer to that question that the result of any inquiry must depend. And it seems that the shipments began the month after the inauguration of Ronald Reagan.

The unwillingness on the part of the press and Congress to ask that question has been general but not universal. A recently released N.S.C. memorandum from North to Poindexter, dated June 3, 1985, speaks of the irritation caused to the secret government by Alfonso Chardy of *The Miami Herald*. North wrote: "For several weeks now there have been rumors of stories being prepared which allege an NSC connection to private funding and other support to the Nicaraguan resistance. The rumors originally surfaced with a reporter Alfonso Chardi [*sic*]. . . . At my request [deleted] went to Chardi . . . and told Chardi that if he (Chardi) printed any derogatory comments about the FDN or its funding sources that Chardi would never again be allowed to visit FDN bases or travel with their units."

This past July 5 in *The Miami Herald*, Chardy published three extraordinary disclosures about the career of Oliver North. The first was a "contingency plan," drawn up by North between 1982 and 1984, to suspend the Constitution and impose martial law. Among the "contingencies" that would license such a coup were mass opposition to a U.S. military operation overseas. The project drew alarmed protest even from a man as reactionary as Attorney General William French Smith, who minuted his opposition to such an "emergency czar" on August 2, 1984. Since the minute was addressed to Robert McFarlane, it fell on deaf ears.

The same article notes that while at the N.S.C., North was assigned for a time to carry the "football," which contains the codes for fighting a nuclear war and which follows the President, as North did, everywhere. This experience cannot have been good for North's sense of proportion.

Finally, according to Chardy's sources, "the secret governing arrangement traces its roots to the last weeks of Reagan's 1980 campaign. Officials say the genesis may have been an October 1980 decision by Casey . . . to create an October Surprise Group." I think so too.

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ARTICLES.

LETTER FROM EUROPE

The Lessons Of Defeat

DANIEL SINGER

Paris

The hour has not yet struck for an offensive by the left in Western Europe. The defeat of the French Socialists in March of last year and the failure of the German Social Democrats to reconquer office in January of the current one was followed by further setbacks this June. In Spain the fate of the government of Felipe González was not at stake, but his Socialist Party suffered severe losses in local elections as well as in a European Parliament poll. In Britain the herald of private enterprise did not sink. Praised by the Western press to the skies, Margaret Thatcher won a third term, an achievement unequaled since Lord Liverpool's in the previous century. Finally, in Italy the Christian Democrats, forever in government since 1945, got another lease on life, as did their awkward and indispensable ally Bettino Craxi, a staunch upholder of capitalism and a socialist in name only. The Communists, who, *mutatis mutandis*, play in their country roughly the same role that the Labor Party performs in Britain, lost support. Yet, if you look at the whole European scene in perspective, it is more a case of the left losing than of the right winning. The conservative forces do not provide any genuine response to the current economic crisis. They have survival thrust upon them by the obvious absence of a radical and realistic alternative.

The pundits—particularly numerous in the United States—who are now waxing lyrical over the triumph of Thatcherism and interpreting it as the vanishing of the working class, the funeral of socialism and a capitalist reign from here to eternity can be countered quite easily. The Tories' performance was not unique. The party won three successive elections, in 1951, 1955 and 1959, which did not prevent Harold Wilson's Labor Party from coming back and being for a time described as the party of government. Furthermore, Thatcher's victory is based on too many circumstances that are unlikely to last. You cannot bribe forever segments of the electorate by unloading on the market valuable national assets at bargain prices or by selling council houses cheaply. Nor can you rely on North Sea oil concealing eternally an economic position that is fundamentally disastrous.

Besides, Britain's capitalist establishment itself had second thoughts after the victory celebrations, because of the country's striking division into two nations: not just a geographical cleavage between the affluent true-blue south and the rest (northern England, Scotland and Wales are getting an increasingly reddish complexion) but also a clear split between the derelict inner cities and the posh suburbs, between the haves and the have-nots. You play the game of class conflict with temporary success and run the risk of subsequent conflagration. Last but not least, there can be no serious talk of mass conversion to "competitive capitalism," because the Tories did not sweep the country. Once again Thatcher got a thumping three-figure majority in Parliament on a minority vote of 42.9 percent. The British electoral system of "first past the post," designed for two parties, and the division of the other side together did the trick. The split of the Labor Party and the setting up of a Social Democratic Party were carried out for that very purpose and have so far fulfilled their function, even if the splitters have now paid an electoral price. (Of the four original musketeers of the Labor secession, only David Owen still soldiers on in the House of Commons; Roy Jenkins has now lost his seat, and Shirley Williams and Bill Rodgers did not recover those they had previously lost.)

In the Italian case the verdict was even more ambiguous, as proportional representation tends to minimize electoral swings there. The Christian Democrats gained just over 1 percent in share, taking 33.8 percent of the votes cast, still far below their level of the 1970s. Craxi benefited from his long reign as Prime Minister, and his Socialist Party advanced by 3 percent. Yet with 14.2 percent of the poll it was still barely more than half the percentage of the Italian Communist Party (P.C.I.), which, with 26.9 percent of the vote, was down 3 percent from the last elections. The symmetry should not suggest a direct swap. In fact, the Christian Democrats and the Socialists made most of their gains at the expense of the smaller partners in their five-party coalition—the Republicans, the Social Democrats and the Liberals—and thus the *pentapartito*, as the alliance is called, merely moved from 56.4 percent to 57.4 percent of the total vote in the Chamber of Deputies, hardly a landslide. The Communist setback, on the other hand, was coupled with the parliamentary debut of the Greens, who captured 2.6 percent of the vote, and the successful survival of the old New Left, the Proletarian Democracy, which got 1.7 percent.

If the victory of the right is thus somewhat confused, the defeat of the left is plain to see. That in a Europe still torn by economic crisis the conservative incumbents should be given another mandate, however ambiguous, is eloquent in itself. True, Britain and Italy have recently enjoyed a bit of a boom. Its extent, however, should not be exaggerated. Figures just released by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris show that, by official, standardized count, 11 percent of the Western European labor force is unemployed; actually, in Britain and Italy unemployment is a little above that average. (The British picture has been prettified for domestic purposes, not by rising employment but by statistical cosmetics.) The electoral results thus show that the right can carry on despite a level of

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unemployment unprecedented since the war, that it can split the employed from the jobless, the skilled from the unskilled, the exploited workers from those who are down and out. It is in a position to do so because the reformist left, trying desperately to stick to the middle of the road despite the economic crisis, appears increasingly irrelevant. And it is along this suicidal path that the European left is being urged on.

In Italy the P.C.I. opened an inquest on the very morrow of the defeat. Achille Occhetto, the centrist heir apparent, and the leftish wing of the party stressed that the P.C.I., having lost ground on its left, must first of all recover its own identity and its traditional base. Giorgio Napolitano and the right-wingers emphasized the success of Craxi and the need to become even more social democratic, while Alessandro Natta, as behooves a transitional leader, first said all these things at the same time, then sided with Occhetto, provoking Napolitano to announce his intent to resign from the leadership and precipitating a real split into an open majority and an open minority. The bulk of the Italian press, as expected, spoke like Napolitano, only more so. The P.C.I., the press argues, must keep on giving evidence of its good behavior as a loyal opposition. The ruling coalition having been given a new mandate, the only problem now is how to solve the awkward question of precedence between Craxi and Ciriaco de Mita, the leader of the Christian Democrats.

The bias is even more striking in Britain. The few newspapers that are not Maggie's obedient servants described Neil Kinnock as a nice fellow who ran a successful campaign and who will stand a chance if he drops unilateralism and gets rid of the "hard left." The preachers of moderation have been strangely silent over their favorite subject, Liverpool. The once-bustling harbor is now a "place of perdition" politically as well as socially. It is the hotbed of the Militant Tendency, a Trotskyist group expelled by Labor; the fief of the "loony left"; and a place so bad that not only was it branded by the bourgeois press but it was also condemned by Kinnock and his lieutenants. The day after the elections, Liverpool did not get the headlines it deserved. It was there that the swing from the Tories to Labor was strongest—a Conservative loss of 12 percent and a Labor gain of 10 percent—a swing that, repeated on a national scale, would have meant a Labor victory.

To be sure, Liverpool is exceptional and cannot be projected on Britain as a whole. Still, the response of its electorate to "extremism" should have given commentators food for thought—and should have given them the only statistical lesson of these elections. Pundits and preachers are now trying to persuade Kinnock that he must opt definitely for the center, following the pattern set by the Liberal and Social Democratic Alliance. What they forget to add is that in exceptionally favorable circumstances, the center did not do well at all. The Tories stood still, Labor did not gain enough ground and the Alliance was the only numerical loser.

But in political terms, it was Labor in Britain and the P.C.I. in Italy who were the real losers. They are two very different examples of the reformist left's inability to recover

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its bearings since the economic crisis. There is no doubt that the crisis did precipitate trends that were already causing problems for the labor movement. It speeded up the shift from blue to white collars, increased the employment of women and weakened the traditional industrial bases from which the movement drew its big battalions. It also undermined the welfare state, the new ideological foundation of reformism. The right sensed the change of economic climate at once and dropped all pretenses of consensus politics. The left, clinging to the middle and acting as if nothing had really changed, lost a lot of ground and credibility.

It must do a great deal to recover. To Thatcher's ploy of selling shares of stock in government enterprises as an ersatz form of control, it is not enough to answer, We shall renationalize. You must state what degree of real power the workers will have in their enterprises. To people working for Gianni Agnelli of Fiat or for the new Italian tycoons, you will have to spell out what form of organization and division of labor you propose to cope with the novel situation. To the advocates of private education or private medicine on the American model, you cannot retort by just describing the vices and injustices of the system. You must also explain that "collective" is not necessarily a synonym for "wasteful," "bureaucratic" or "distant." To be trusted again, the Western left has to fit its proposals into a comprehensive and credible vision of a different society. Critics who argue that the left cannot go on mumbling principles developed during the period of what appeared to be permanent growth are quite right. They are wrong only in suggesting that it must, therefore, water its wine. A radical situation requires radicalized solutions.

Historians who will one day ponder the lack of imagination shown by the European left at this juncture may well single out two main explanations. The first has to do with conditioned reflex. The leaders of the left were brought up in the thirty postwar years of Europe's exceptional growth, big social change and rapid rise in living standards. The snag is that by the time everybody, including the communists, became resigned to a historical compromise with capitalism, that compromise had ceased to be historical. Capitalism was again in crisis, with little to offer the labor movement as a whole, as opposed to its various sectors.

The second reason is particularly important for countries with strong Communist Parties, like Italy and France, though it extends well beyond them. It is connected with the collapse of a model, loosely linked to Stalin's Soviet Union. The model rested on the premises that public ownership of the means of production was a solution in itself; that if productive forces were developed, social relations would look after themselves; that growth would inevitably be crowned with democracy. We know what happened to this model, where the absence of democracy affected growth itself and not only the general life of society.

Both these reasons are by now pretty dated. In the West the euphoria of growth disappeared some fifteen years ago. In the East nearly thirty-five years have elapsed since Stalin's death, the long Leonid Brezhnev interlude is over and the Soviet leaders themselves look for the first time likely to do more than tinker with their model. I am not trying to revive the slogan *ex oriente lux* and suggest that we should take positive lessons from the Soviet Union here and now. On the contrary, if Western Europe were to invent socialist solutions, it would have a serious influence on the other side of the continent. All I am attempting to venture is that the left in Western Europe can no longer find external justification for its lethargy. Stalin is long dead and, while not forgetting history, it is within its own context that the Western European left must reinvent a social project for the future.

Why a project? Does not the striking contrast between humanity's technological genius and its social absurdity condemn the existing system, while the odd couple of rising productivity and rising unemployment reveals it in its naked horror? Such abstract demonstrations are clearly insufficient on their own, judging by Europe's electoral results this June. The right can still prosper. Capital can live happily with millions of unemployed and rest its mechanism of accumulation on social injustice. But the left can tolerate this

DRAWINGS BY ISADORE SELTZER

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system of social stagnation and political decay only at its own peril and that of humankind. Fortunately, for the time being, Jean-Marie Le Pen and his xenophobic National Front are the only reminder in Europe, and a not yet very dangerous one, of how society can run amok when the labor movement and the left at large fail to fulfill their historical mission in critical circumstances. Le Pen and the Klaus Barbie trial provide a refresher course for the younger generation. □

SOUTH PACIFIC REGIONALISM

Connecting the Dots on the Map

GLENN ALCALAY

Many of us have been mesmerized by idyllic images of the South Pacific, from Gauguin's sensuous Tahitians to James Michener's tales of lust set in pristine island paradises. But a "New Pacific" is emerging in that vast oceanic frontier, the last part of the globe to be granted full independence. The recent coup d'état in Fiji, which ousted a newly elected coalition government headed by Timoci Bavadra, dispelled some of the idyllic stereotypes. Plagued by underdevelopment, many of the now-independent microstates are charting courses for economic and political survival through the treacherous shoals of superpower rivalry. Among those islands still under the colonial yoke, strident nationalist movements are forging a new regional spirit, supporting a nuclear-free and independent Pacific.

That drive for nonalignment is coming into increasing conflict with American—and to a lesser extent French—desires to mold the region's destiny. In Fiji, it is clear that the United States was the big winner in the May 14 coup, which abolished the Bavadra government's ban on port visits by nuclear warships [see William H. Schaap, "The Fight in Fiji," *The Nation*, May 30]. Just west of Fiji, in the Republic of Vanuatu (formerly New Hebrides), a fishing agreement with the Soviet Union was recently finalized, much to the chagrin of the Reagan Administration. The indigenous Kanak people of New Caledonia, south of Vanuatu, have stepped up their agitation for independence in what promises to explode into a bloody civil war in the far-flung French territory. And the tiny Republic of Palau, which had voted seven times in as many years to reaffirm its unprecedented antinuclear Constitution, to the displeasure of Washington [see Ellin Stein, "Can the Island Stay Nuke Free?" *The Nation*, Dec. 21, 1985], just voted again by a decisive margin to keep the warheads away. Inherent in all those recent Pacific events is the issue of sovereignty in the wake of centuries of blackbirding (slave trading) and of missionary zealotry, economic expropriation and nuclear experimentation, which persist to the present day.

Vanuatu, a cluster of eighty-two islands about 1,500 miles northeast of Sydney, Australia, gained a measure of notoriety in signing a $1.5 million one-year accord with the Soviet government on January 27, which permits eight Soviet purse seiners and small support ships to fish within the 200-mile exclusive economic zone that surrounds the archipelago. In addition, the small Soviet fleet will have port access for supplies and crew changes. Fearing the creation of a "Pacific Cuba," the United States was quick to respond. On February 2, State Department spokesman Charles Redman said, "We have called the Vanuatu government's attention to the fact that Soviet fishing operations are often a cover for other activities," e.g., intelligence gathering. But economically strapped Vanuatu sees no problem with the presence of the Soviet ships, so long as they pay for their catch. Incidents like the recent seizure by Kiribati of a U.S.-owned purse seiner, the Tradition, for poaching in its waters have undercut U.S. objections. At its recent annual conference in Apia, Western Samoa, the South Pacific Forum, a fourteen-member regional association, issued a communiqué condemning "in the strongest possible terms the continued illegal fishing activities of United States purse seiners and other foreign fishing vessels within the 200-mile EEZs of its member states."

Vanuatu, the newest South Pacific nation, won its independence from joint Anglo-French rule on July 30, 1980. A dual arrangement was imposed by the two colonial powers in 1906; known as the Condominium (and referred to as the "pandemonium" by locals), it was characterized by a bizarre and inefficient duplication of administration and services. The indigenous Melanesian ni-Vanuatu won their independence only after a protracted struggle against bungling administrators and several hundred entrenched French settlers who had fled Indochina in 1954 and Algeria in 1962.

Calling for self-determination for the ni-Vanuatu, Father Walter Lini, a Melanesian leader and Anglican priest, formed the New Hebrides National Party (N.P.) in 1971. Seeking independence within two years, and with widespread grass-roots support, the N.P. won 59 percent of the vote in a 1975 general election called by the Anglo-French administration. However, because of a neocolonial provision designating a number of seats for economic interests (predominately white business groups), the N.P. did not gain a majority in the Representative Assembly. In response, in 1977 the N.P. established a provisional government and called a boycott of future electoral charades. The party urged the ni-Vanuatu people to take over the European-owned plantations (which occupied 80 percent of the arable land), refuse to pay taxes and bar colonial officials from entering their villages.

To defuse increasing tensions, the Anglo-French ad-

Glenn Alcalay, a former Peace Corps volunteer in Micronesia, is conducting graduate anthropological research on the impact of U.S. nuclear testing in the Marshall Islands, at the New School for Social Research. *He wishes to thank William Schaap and Ellen Ray of* CovertAction Information Bulletin *for their research assistance.*

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ministration formed a Government of National Unity and, pledging fair elections, signed a new Constitution in October 1979. When elections were held the following month, the Vanuatu Party, as the N.P. was now known, won a two-thirds majority in the Representative Assembly. With the rapid rise of the nationalist movement, France pressed for postponement of the inevitable, fearing that nationalistic sentiments would drift southward to nickel-rich New Caledonia (another French possession) and to Eastern Polynesia, where France conducts nuclear testing at Mururoa Atoll, near Tahiti. An editorial in *The Age* of Melbourne, Australia, for April 28, 1980, captured the moment: "The over-riding realistic fear is that independence in New Hebrides will spell the beginning of the end of that French Pacific empire, and all that involves economically and strategically."

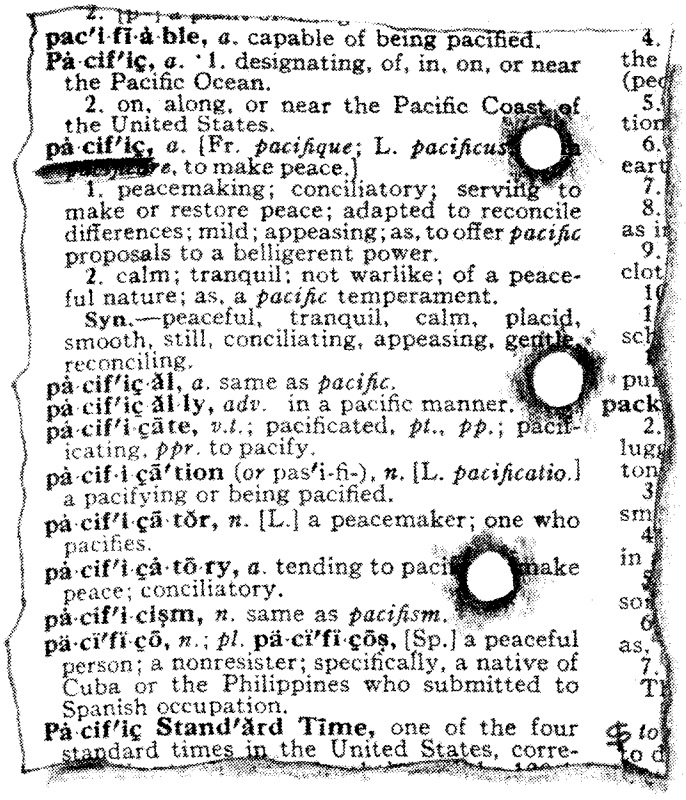
When Vanuatu's independence was finally achieved, Father Lini was installed as the nation's first Prime Minister. Considered by its neighbors to be the most progressive Pacific state, Vanuatu (estimated population 150,000) has since carved out an independent foreign policy. As the only Pacific nation to gain membership in the nonaligned movement, Vanuatu has established diplomatic relations with more than forty countries, including the People's Republic of China, the Soviet Union, Vietnam, North Korea and Cuba. In a recent interview, Robert Van Lierop, Vanuatu's ambassador to the United Nations, explained his country's stance of nonalignment: "A country like Vanuatu is extremely vulnerable. One of the best things a small country can do is to let the world know that it is there and that it has policies, particularly policies that it has developed without guidance from larger powers." Concerning the recent flak from the United States and Australia over the Soviet fishing agreement, Van Lierop said, Vanuatu is "not interested in either superpower asserting military hegemony over it. Rather, we believe in establishing commercial relations with both of them."

One of the South Pacific's tinderboxes is New Caledonia, which lies south of Vanuatu and about 800 miles east of Australia. Annexed by France as a penal colony in 1853, New Caledonia is on the verge of ethnic warfare. At the heart of the unrest are its demography and disputes over land tenure. The indigenous Kanaks have become—like the Melanesian Fijians—a minority in their own land. They make up 42 percent of the total population of 145,000 but reside on 15 percent of the habitable land, in reservations not unlike South Africa's Bantustans. French settlers, known as Caldoches, have been migrating to the colony for more than a century. They include hundreds of right-wing militarists who fled Vanuatu in 1980 and see New Caledonia as their last stand; today there are some 54,000 of them. The Caldoches are concentrated around the capital of Nouméa and control the lion's share of the economy. The remainder of the population consists of 29,000 Polynesians and Asians who were lured to the Melanesian nation by lucrative employment opportunities in the now-depressed nickel industry. (The country possesses the third-largest nickel reserves in the world; one of its byproducts is cobalt, a strategic metal, crucial to the manufacture of jet engines.) Added to the brew are some 6,000 to 8,000 French troops stationed in the island outpost to "maintain order."

Violent skirmishes between Kanaks and Caldoches led to a series of political realignments in the late 1970s. When François Mitterrand was elected President of France in May 1981, the Kanaks believed that the new Socialist leader would heed their calls for independence. At a historic meeting in Nainville-les-Roches in July 1983 between French officials and all of the various political factions, the French government recognized for the first time "the innate and active right of the Kanak people—as the first inhabitants of the territory—to independence."

The Kanaks were justifiably angered the following year when the French Minister for Overseas Departments and Territories issued a decree that called for a transition period culminating in a 1989 referendum on New Caledonia's future status. The order stipulated that all adults who had lived in the territory for at least six months could vote in the plebiscite. Feeling betrayed by the lax voter eligibility rule and the unacceptably late referendum date, the majority of the Kanak factions merged into the Kanak Socialist National Liberation Front (F.L.N.K.S.) in the summer of 1984.

On December 1, 1984, the F.L.N.K.S. swore in a provisional government as the first step in the creation of the state of Kanaky, and installed independence leader Jean-Marie Tjibaou as President. It demanded an immediate referendum on independence in which only Kanaks could vote, realizing that they would be outflanked by a coalition of the more numerous Caldoches and Polynesians and Asians, who are economically aligned. Clashes erupted between the leading anti-independence Caldoche


pac'i·fi·à·ble, *a.* capable of being pacified.
Pà·cif'iç, *a.* 1. designating, of, in, on, or near the Pacific Ocean.
2. on, along, or near the Pacific Coast of the United States.
pà·cif'iç, *a.* [Fr. *pacifique*; L. *pacificus*, to make peace.]
1. peacemaking; conciliatory; serving to make or restore peace; adapted to reconcile differences; mild; appeasing; as, to offer *pacific* proposals to a belligerent power.
2. calm; tranquil; not warlike; of a peaceful nature; as, a *pacific* temperament.
Syn.—peaceful, tranquil, calm, placid, smooth, still, conciliating, appeasing, gentle, reconciling.
pà·cif'iç·ăl, *a.* same as *pacific*.
pà·cif'iç·ăl·ly, *adv.* in a pacific manner.
pà·cif'i·çāte, *v.t.*; pacificated, *pt., pp.*; pacificating, *ppr.* to pacify.
pà·cif·i·çā'tion (*or* pas'i-fi-), *n.* [L. *pacificatio.*] a pacifying or being pacified.
pà·cif'i·çā·tŏr, *n.* [L.] a peacemaker; one who pacifies.
pà·cif'i·çà·tō·ry, *a.* tending to pacify; make peace; conciliatory.
pà·cif'i·cişm, *n.* same as *pacifism*.
pà·ci'fi·çō, *n.*; *pl.* pà·ci'fi·çōş, [Sp.] a peaceful person; a nonresister; specifically, a native of Cuba or the Philippines who submitted to Spanish occupation.
Pà·cif'iç Stand'ărd Time, one of the four standard times in the United States, corre-

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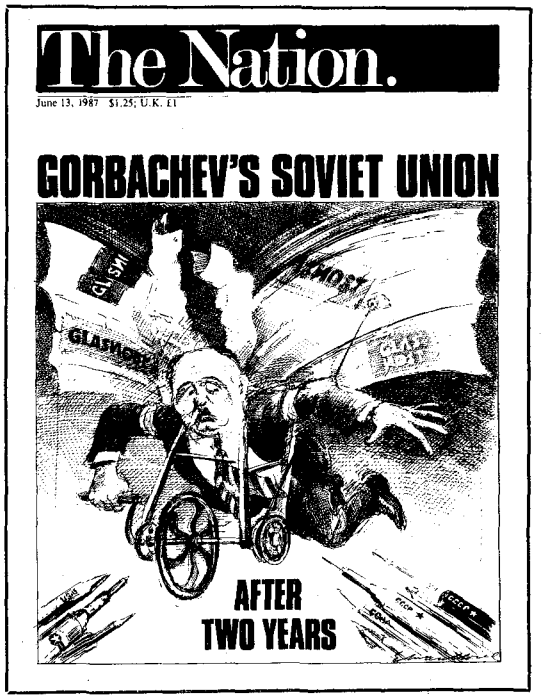

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party and the F.L.N.K.S.; ten Kanaks died in fighting on December 5 and subsequent violence brought the death toll to twenty by January 1985.

In May 1985 the F.L.N.K.S.—after much internal debate—decided to accept a new initiative offered by French Prime Minister Laurent Fabius. The Fabius plan called for economic reforms to reverse inequalities between Kanaks and Caldoches and established four Regional Councils, which held elections in September 1985. With 80 percent of the electorate taking part in the election, the F.L.N.K.S. won in three of the four regions for the council seats. However, on the key question of independence, 61 percent voted against it and only 35 percent voted in favor.

With the ascension of Jacques Chirac to Prime Minister in the French government in March 1986, events in New Caledonia took a turn for the worse. Bernard Pons, the new Minister for Overseas Departments and Territories, announced that May that a referendum would be set for July 1987, with voters offered a choice between the "road to independence" or remaining a colonial territory of France.

With the previous year's overwhelming defeat for the independence movement, Pons was confident that a direct vote on New Caledonia's future status (with the lax six-month residence rule) would guarantee, once and for all, a permanent French overseas base. Chirac, in a visit to the territory in August 1986, said his government planned to build a new naval base (which might be shared with the United States) that would accommodate nuclear submarines, and that France would upgrade La Tontouta international airport outside of Nouméa so that bombers could land there.

On December 2 of that year, though, the F.L.N.K.S. got a break. The U.N. General Assembly voted to reinscribe New Caledonia on the Decolonization Committee's list of non-self-governing territories. (France had the colony removed from the list in 1947.) Being on the U.N. list will provide greater visibility for the independence struggle, as was the case with Namibia.

Yann Céléné Uregei, the foreign minister of the F.L.N.K.S., has called reinscription a crucial step toward independence. He explained that France fears losing not only the rich nickel deposits in his country but also its prized nuclear test site at Mururoa through the "domino effect" of liberation struggles. "Our fight for independence must be seen as intimately linked with that of our friends in the rest of French Polynesia," he said, adding, "Violence is going to spread in my country soon, as the French O.A.S. [the Secret Army Organization, a right-wing terrorist group] settlers are quite heavily armed." Under pressure from the South Pacific Forum, France has delayed the July referendum until September, but the Kanaks say they will boycott it.

Although the French settlers and government have been reluctant to satisfy the colonies' desire for independence, the United States is trying to wind down its forty-year U.N. "strategic trust" of Micronesia without losing its military hegemony over the region. The Micronesian isles are being induced to join the United States in a Compact of Free Association, which will grant them a nominal change in

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status while the United States retains exclusive military rights for up to fifty years. In the far western corner of Micronesia lies the minuscule nation of Palau, which became a *cause célèbre* in 1979 when its 14,000 inhabitants endorsed the world's first nuclear-free Constitution by a resounding 92 percent. Pentagon planners are seeking a "fallback arc" (to include Guam, which bristles with nuclear weapons; Saipan; Tinian; and Rota) in the event the leases on critical Philippine military bases are not renegotiated beyond their 1991 expiration date. They regard Palau as a future forward base for Trident submarines, a guerrilla training area and an air base for nuclear-laden aircraft during the years under the Compact. But because Palau's Constitution, which requires a 75 percent vote to be rescinded, clearly bars nuclear weapons and nuclear-powered ships, the United States has through economic blackmail forced the electorate into the polling booth for seven "demonstration elections" since the 1979 vote. The United States funds more than 90 percent of Palau's budget. The most recent referendum has provoked great instability. Citing financial shortages, the staunchly pro-Reagan Palauan President, Lazarus Salii, said he would lay off nearly two-thirds of the government work force, and with the 1985 assassination of President Haruo Remeliik still unsolved, civil unrest appears imminent.

The legacy of nuclear weapons testing in the Pacific is one of the most important factors behind the region's emerging relations with the superpowers. With the history of American atmospheric tests in the Marshalls and Christmas Island, British tests at sites in the Australian desert and the ongoing nuclear experiments of the French at Mururoa in mind, the South Pacific Forum ratified a South Pacific Nuclear Free Zone Treaty (known as the Treaty of Rarotonga) last year. Australian Prime Minister Robert Hawke went to great lengths to insure that the treaty—which calls for an end to nuclear tests in the Pacific and a ban on dumping nuclear wastes—would in no way interfere with Washington's naval policies, especially those concerning port visits by nuclear warships. Despite its noble-sounding name, the treaty allows signatory nations to decide individually whether to allow visits by nuclear ships. Notwithstanding holes in the treaty that are large enough to steer a Trident through, such as allowing nuclear warships to roam the Pacific at will and permitting continued ICBM and Star Wars testing in the region (which is why Vanuatu did not sign), the United States, France and Britain rejected the treaty, causing further alienation among the Pacific nations. On February 5, the State Department declared: "Were we to accede to the Treaty by signing the protocols, we're concerned that our adherence would be used by others to argue for similar zone proposals elsewhere." Both the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China have signed the protocols.

At the fourth Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific conference, held in Vanuatu in 1983 (the fifth is scheduled for November in Manila), Prime Minister Walter Lini articulated the sentiments shared by most Pacific islanders:

> It is a matter of life and death that our Pacific Ocean be declared a nuclear-free zone. Testing of any kind must be outlawed, as must the dumping of nuclear waste, the firing of nuclear devices, and the passage of submarines or over-flying aircraft carrying them. On this crucial issue there can be no compromise or retreat. If we continue to deny ourselves any decision on this, our children of tomorrow will condemn us, and it will be a condemnation we have deserved. □

A PEOPLE'S CONSTITUTION

Some Truths Are Not Self-Evident

HOWARD ZINN

This year Americans are talking about the Constitution but asking the wrong questions, such as, Could the Founding Fathers have done better? That concern is pointless, 200 years after the fact. Or, Does the Constitution provide the framework for a just and democratic society today? That question is also misplaced, because the Constitution, whatever its language and however interpreted by the Supreme Court, does not determine the degree of justice, liberty or democracy in our society.

The proper question, I believe, is not how good a document is or was the Constitution but, What effect does it have on the quality of our lives? And the answer to that, it seems to me, is, Very little. The Constitution makes promises it cannot by itself keep, and therefore deludes us into complacency about the rights we have. It is conspicuously silent on certain other rights that all human beings deserve. And it pretends to set limits on governmental powers, when in fact those limits are easily ignored.

I am not arguing that the Constitution has no importance; words have moral power and principles can be useful even when ambiguous. But, like other historic documents, the Constitution is of minor importance compared with the actions that citizens take, especially when those actions are joined in social movements. Such movements have worked, historically, to secure the rights our human sensibilities tell us are self-evidently ours, whether or not those rights are "granted" by the Constitution.

Let me illustrate my point with five issues of liberty and justice:

§ First is the matter of racial equality. When slavery was abolished, it was not by constitutional fiat but by the joining of military necessity with the moral force of a great anti-slavery movement, acting outside the Constitution and often against the law. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments wrote into the Constitution rights that extra-legal action had already won. But the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were ignored for almost a hundred years. The right to equal protection of the law and the right

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to vote, even the Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* in 1954 underlining the meaning of the equal protection clause, did not become operative until blacks, in the fifteen years following the Montgomery bus boycott, shook up the nation by tumultuous actions inside and outside the law.

The Constitution played a helpful but marginal role in all that. Black people, in the political context of the 1960s, would have demanded equality whether or not the Constitution called for it, just as the antislavery movement demanded abolition even in the absence of constitutional support.

§ What about the most vaunted of constitutional rights, free speech? Historically, the Supreme Court has given the right to free speech only shaky support, seesawing erratically by sometimes affirming and sometimes overriding restrictions. Whatever a distant Court decided, the real right of citizens to free expression has been determined by the immediate power of the local police on the street, by the employer in the workplace and by the financial limits on the ability to use the mass media.

The existence of a First Amendment has been inspirational but its protection elusive. Its reality has depended on the willingness of citizens, whether labor organizers, socialists or Jehovah's Witnesses, to insist on their right to speak and write. Liberties have not been given; they have been taken. And whether in the future we have a right to say what we want, or air what we say, will be determined not by the existence of the First Amendment or the latest Supreme Court decision but by whether we are courageous enough to speak up at the risk of being jailed or fired, organized enough to defend our speech against official interference and can command resources enough to get our ideas before a reasonably large public.

§ What of economic justice? The Constitution is silent on the right to earn a moderate income, silent on the rights to medical care and decent housing as legitimate claims of every human being from infancy to old age. Whatever degree of economic justice has been attained in this country (impressive compared with others, shameful compared with our resources) cannot be attributed to something in the Constitution. It is the result of the concerted action of laborers and farmers over the centuries, using strikes, boycotts and minor rebellions of all sorts, to get redress of grievances directly from employers and indirectly from legislators. In the future, as in the past, the Constitution will sleep as citizens battle over the distribution of the nation's wealth, and will be awakened only to mark the score.

§ On sexual equality the Constitution is also silent. What women have achieved thus far is the result of their own determination, in the feminist upsurge of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and the more recent women's liberation movement. Women have accomplished this outside the Constitution, by raising female and male consciousness and inducing courts and legislators to recognize what the Constitution ignores.

§ Finally, in an age in which war approaches genocide, the irrelevance of the Constitution is especially striking. Long, ravaging conflicts in Korea and Vietnam were waged without following Constitutional procedures, and if there is a nuclear exchange, the decision to launch U.S. missiles will be made, as it was in those cases, by the President and a few advisers. The public will be shut out of the process and deliberately kept uninformed by an intricate web of secrecy and deceit. The current Iran/*contra* scandal hearings before Congressional select committees should be understood as exposing not an aberration but a steady state of foreign policy.

It was not constitutional checks and balances but an aroused populace that prodded Lyndon Johnson and then Richard Nixon into deciding to extricate the United States from Vietnam. In the immediate future, our lives will depend not on the existence of the Constitution but on the power of an aroused citizenry demanding that we not go to war, and on Americans refusing, as did so many G.I.s and civilians in the Vietnam era, to cooperate in the conduct of a war.

The Constitution, like the Bible, has some good words. It is also, like the Bible, easily manipulated, distorted, ignored and used to make us feel comfortable and protected. But we risk the loss of our lives and liberties if we depend on a mere document to defend them. A constitution is a fine adornment for a democratic society, but it is no substitute for the energy, boldness and concerted action of the citizens. □

Iran/*Contra*

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

so many of the participants were also profiting from every aspect of the Iran/*contra* operation? Herewith is a consumer's guide to the various theories now circulating in Washington. Two caveats: These theories are not mutually exclusive; and it is always easier to poke holes in a theory than to prove one.

Let Dead Directors of Central Intelligence Lie. North's testimony bolstered the theory that Casey was the mastermind of the operation and that Casey employed the N.S.C. as a "cutout" for the Central Intelligence Agency. (A cutout, in C.I.A. argot, is a legitimate, nonagency front group or person who carries out intelligence actions.) North testified that Casey provided invaluable guidance and praised North's Iran/*contra* efforts as the "ultimate covert operation." According to North, it was Casey who recommended retired Maj. Gen. Richard Secord to North, and Casey who encouraged and taught North to run a secret operational account. North said he informed Casey of the *contra* diversion even before he told his boss, former N.S.C. chief Poindexter. Casey, North testified, was eager to make use of the North-Secord "enterprise" as an "off-the-shelf," "self-sustaining" entity for future covert operations. Casey, in effect, ran North as an agent.

But the "pin it on Casey" school of thought is suspect, if only because it is so convenient. Casey, in intelligence lingo, is no longer operational. "I'm hesitant to believe everything

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That was me. A pigheaded, "didn't want to quit", die-hard smoker. Trapped in an aggravating love-affair—with cigarettes.

Openly, I cursed their choking grip on me. Inwardly, I was totally unwilling to do anything else but puff away. Your typical chain-smoker wildly raving about kicking the habit—*and not meaning one single word.*

It was a joke. Unfortunately, the laugh was on me. The grim warnings of the Surgeon General, the American Cancer Society, and my worried doctor all went in one ear and out the other. My tobacco addiction was like a runaway train. Completely out of control and destined for disaster. *Unstoppable!*

Me give up smoking? Better ask for my right arm!

Every so often, I would make a good old college try at quitting cold turkey. Before you could say "Jack Robinson", there I'd be. Frantically scrounging in the garbage for soggy butts. As usual, my good intentions went up in smoke. I was hooked—*again.*

Who was I kidding? Smoking was an undeniable necessity. Super-important to my daily life. How I enjoyed that first eye-opening drag in the morning—that satisfying end-of-the-meal lighting up—that nerve-settling inhalation when things got hectic. Me give up all these irreplaceable pleasures? Better ask for my right arm!

Cancer or no cancer, doctor or no doctor, I loved smoking much too much to ever stop. But one day, I discovered a secret that turned my burning passion into red-hot hate. A secret that set me free in just 30 minutes flat. *Not a single cigarette in 20 years!*

Freed me in 30 minutes! Not a cigarette in 20 years!

My smoking is past-history. Gone without hypnosis, behavior modification, pills, drugs, classroom courses, nail-biting, will-power or climbing the walls. Gone without such games as switching brands, chewing gum, fake candy, diary-keeping or saving dirty stubs in a messy jar.

Gone, too, without gaining an extra ounce. Matter of fact, my wife says that I even lost a couple of pounds. And I never felt better.

Running into an old buddy brought back memories of those "didn't want to quit" days. This 3-packs-a-dayer had tried everything but still couldn't stop. He begged me to outline the details of my remarkable secret.

That night, I wrote it out in plain, step-by-step language anyone could understand and mailed him a copy. After it did the trick for my buddy, he told some of his friends. Soon, I was hunted out by pleading strangers for the same "Stop Smoking Secret."

If you can lick a stamp, you can lick your cigarette habit just as I—and they—did. I know what it's like to have that compelling urge to light up. And I know what it's like to be able to smilingly pass it by without pangs of yearning.

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that Colonel North says about Director Casey," Senator Sam Nunn said. Would a master spook entrust an operation to North, Secord and arms dealer Albert Hakim, who in many ways turned out to be amateurs? And would Casey not tell his pal Reagan of his final triumph?

Cowboys and Wimps. When the scandal first broke, the conventional wisdom in Washington lamented that President Reagan's N.S.C. staff was "out of control." This assertion, given fullest expression in the Tower commission report, laid all blame on the "cowboy" North and various other then-obscure bureaucrats. The President was absolved. The Wimp Corollary was an essential part of this theory: that national security advisers Robert McFarlane and Poindexter were too weak to rein in their freewheeling subordinates.

This theory is now of interest primarily to Washington anthropologists. Reagan, it seems clear, was pleased by the work of his staff. If the Cowboy Theory now bears only passing relation to the facts of the scandal, it nevertheless discloses something about Washington folkways. The Cowboy Theory follows two familiar practices in the capital. The first is to blame the bureaucrats rather than the boss. The second is to rely on the views of former N.S.C. officials who hope to regain their jobs in the next Administration. The Cowboy Theory and the Wimp Corollary were explained in detail by Zbigniew Brzezinski (quoted in *Newsweek*), Henry Kissinger (writing in the *Los Angeles Times*) and Brent Scowcroft (writing in the Tower commission report). The happy implication of the Cowboy Theory is that a new national security adviser is needed, perhaps one with experience on the post. Brzezinski, campaigning hard for his old job, said that he would have solved the "weak staff" problem by promoting North to brigadier general.

The Flesh Peddlers. Not everybody was in the Iran/*contra* game for the money. But Senator Warren Rudman and other members of the Iran/*contra* select committees have suggested that the promise of profits influenced the operation, regardless of other political and ideological purposes.

"I never, from the earliest days of this activity, envisioned that I was in this to make anyone rich," North testified, his voice cracking. In fact, North was surrounded by money-grubbers. Hakim, Secord, former C.I.A. operative Thomas Clines and Iranian arms dealer Manucher Ghorbanifar all cashed in. North and Secord, for example, dumped a Canadian arms dealer as a *contra* supplier and replaced him with Clines, who, according to Hakim's records, made $900,000 in profits. *Contra* leader Adolfo Calero says that North also steered business to Secord instead of to retired Maj. Gen. John Singlaub, even though Singlaub's prices were lower. Hakim, who was in the driver's seat negotiating for the White House with the Iranians, told the committees he expected to corner 2 percent of the $15 billion in trade that would be generated by renewed U.S.-Iran ties. That's $300 million. After examining some of the financial records of the resupply outfit, Rudman described Secord and Hakim as "flesh peddlers" because of the profits they reaped.

The flesh peddlers affected policy at key points. Secord, for example, wanted to sell the resupply organization and its assets to the C.I.A. He ordered more airlifts, according to retired Lieut. Col. Richard Gadd, to make the operation a more attractive buy. And consider the meeting North said he had with Ghorbanifar in a bathroom of a London hotel in January 1986: The Iranian middleman, who was in a position to score big in a U.S. arms sale to Iran, sensed North was souring on the deal and suggested several ways to sweeten the pot—including giving North his own personal "residual" of $1 million or diverting millions to the *contras*. North liked the diversion idea. (Ghorbanifar denies offering the bribe.) As Senator Paul Tribble solemnly remarked during Secord's testimony, combining profits and patriotism is the "best of the American dream."

The October Surprise. This is the theory most pleasing to those who want to see Reagan's entire term in office totally discredited. It suggests that the arms-for-hostages dealings began not in the summer of 1985 but in the fall of 1980. As laid out in these pages by Christopher Hitchens ["Minority Report," June 20, July 4/11 and on page 80 of this issue] and in *In These Times* of June 24-July 7 by Barbara Honegger, a former Reagan Administration official, and Jim Navreckas, the theory maintains that in 1980 representatives of the Reagan campaign made a deal with the Iranian government to prevent an "October surprise"—the release of the fifty-two Americans held hostage, which might have enabled Jimmy Carter to win re-election. The Reagan team allegedly pledged to ship weapons to Iran after the White House was won. In return, the Iranians promised to hang on to the American hostages until after Election Day.

Partisans of this theory cite a variety of circumstantial evidence. The Reagan campaign organization established two October surprise teams, one headed by former national security adviser Richard Allen, the other by William Casey. Allen and McFarlane, then an aide to Senator John Tower, met with an Iranian exile who claimed that the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini wanted to keep the hostages to insure Carter's defeat. Honegger says she overheard someone at Reagan headquarters remark in October 1980, "We don't have to worry about an October surprise; Dick [Allen] cut a deal." And in July 1981 a plane flying from Israel to Iran crashed in the Soviet Union; on board were American-made tank parts and ammunition, apparently destined for the Iranian armed forces.

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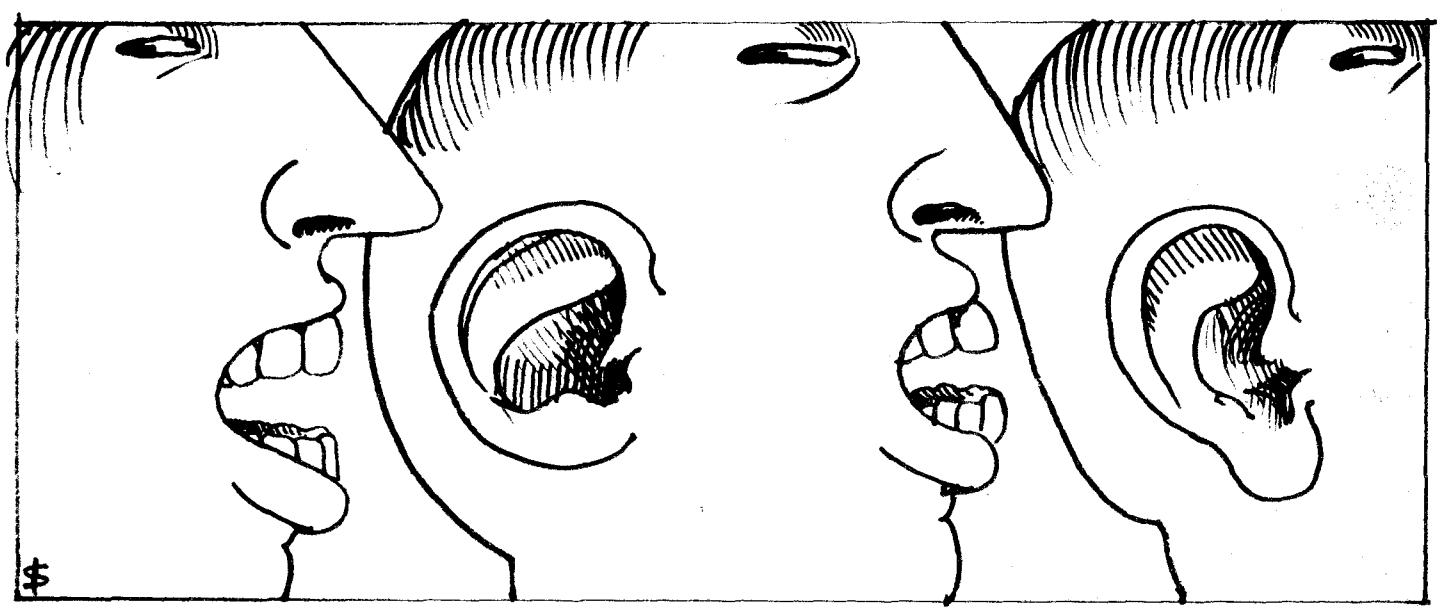
As Hitchens noted, "A theory that fits all the known facts usually has some merit." But such a conspiracy hypothesis demands a smoking gun or a credible confession, and neither has yet appeared. Moreover, a pre-election deal between Reagan aides and Iranian officials would have enabled Iran (and probably Israel) to blackmail the President-elect. How could Reagan threaten Iran with war or prosecute an Israeli spy if those nations could destroy his Presidency with a single leak? And if there was an understanding that allowed U.S. arms to flow to Iran in Reagan's first term, why did a new channel have to be created in 1985 and 1986 to deal for the hostages' release? Nonetheless, the October Surprise Theory is one of the most promising hypotheses. It seems provable and thus deserves investigation by Congress or special investigator Lawrence Walsh.

The Secret Team. Perhaps the most byzantine, intricate and harrowing theory around, the Secret Team Theory suggests that the Iran/*contra* affair was engineered by a cabal of former C.I.A. officials, retired military officers and arms merchants. This group, the theory goes, has carried on for years its own anticommunist foreign policy through gunrunning, drug dealing, money laundering and political assassinations. The collective résumé of the secret team allegedly includes the Bay of Pigs; several failed attempts to murder Fidel Castro (with Mafia assistance); a guerrilla war in Laos in the mid-1960s purportedly financed by drug dealing; the Phoenix program of assassination in Vietnam; and the overthrow of Salvador Allende in Chile in 1973. Two men are said to link together all those operations: Theodore Shackley, a former official of the C.I.A., and the aforementioned Tom Clines. Moving in and out of the picture are various rogues, including Secord, Hakim, Wilson, Singlaub and, yes, North. The theory holds that when Congress contemplated a ban on aid to the *contras* in 1984, North turned to the secret team for assistance. The team is also said to have received the Iran arms transfer assignment and, using a method perfected long ago, devised the scheme to divert the profits to the *contras*.

The Secret Team Theory is promoted by the Christic Institute, which is aiding Tony Avirgan and Martha Honey in the suit the two journalists have filed against Secord, Hakim, Shackley, Clines and others for their alleged role in the attempted assassination of former *contra* leader Edén Pastora in Costa Rica. A corollary of the Secret Team Theory is the "disposal problem" suggested by Peter Dale Scott. Those who are trained by the United States as covert-operations specialists, Scott argues, need to find work once they leave the government [see Scott, "The Secret Team Behind *Contra*gate," January 31].

The Secret Team Theory, heady stuff with all its Ludlumesque overtones, is for diehard conspiracy theorists. That doesn't mean it can be dismissed out of hand. Can the cameo roles played by alleged secret team members in a string of foreign policy debacles, from the Bay of Pigs to the present, be sheer coincidence? A Christic Institute affidavit stretches its evidence in an attempt to portray a monolithic conspiracy. The Secret Team Theory, for example, does not take into account that, as testimony before the Congressional select committees revealed, some team members competed fiercely with one another for *contra* business. The theory is perhaps most vulnerable to the charge that the Iran/*contra* operation may not be so much the work of a tightly knit conspiracy as of a more broadly based community.

Another Day at the Office. Scott Armstrong, the former *Washington Post* investigative reporter and executive director of the National Security Archive, attributes the scandal to the "off-the-books government." Armstrong discounts the idea that the Iran/*contra* money diversion was a uniquely brazen operation or that only an Oliver North or a Ronald Reagan would be capable of such chicanery. Rather, he and other National Security Archive staff members argue that arms sales have been used for years to fund covert operations the executive branch wants to hide from Congress and the American people. The diversion of profits from the Iran arms sales to *contra* rebels in Nicaragua, in the words of investigative reporter Seymour Hersh, was "just another day at the office." Prior to the hearings, Senate chief counsel Arthur Liman endorsed a similar con-



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cept in a memorandum recently obtained by *The Miami Herald*. An examination of the N.S.C., Liman said, "reveals the whole secret government within a government, operated . . . by a lieutenant colonel, with its own army, air force, diplomatic agents, intelligence operatives, and appropriations capacity."

An "off the books government" would explain why the President had at his disposal people capable of creating an intricate network of dummy companies, offshore accounts, military pilots and arms suppliers. It also helps link together dozens of disparate incidents over the last decade, such as Saudi Arabia's bankrolling of U.S. covert operations all over the world and the role of arms sales in generating money for covert operations.

The main problem with this theory is less its lack of plausibility than its scope and implications. The national security bureaucracy is huge and anonymous, and many people simply do not want to consider the possibility that it functions without effective democratic supervision. Armstrong and the National Security Archive have collected a wealth of detail on its workings in the archive's annual publication *The Chronology*, a compilation of Administration activities in Nicaragua and Iran over the past seven years. But a chronology is no substitute for a coherent narrative, especially when it comes to public understanding. And, disappointingly, Liman has pursued this theory in only a limited manner during the hearings.

Blame Congress First. This theory is the redoubt of President Reagan's supporters who are retreating from the Cowboy Theory. The now-familiar argument holds that North was not out of control; he was just following orders. If he had to lie, cheat and steal to do it, well, Congress should not have vacillated in supporting the *contras*. This interpretation not only contradicts dozens of Reagan's statements, a wide variety of sworn testimony by Administration officials and the Tower commission report, it also tends to lend credence to the most anti-Administration scenarios. If the President may be forced by Congressional timidity to take clandestine action, why shouldn't the executive branch have an off-the-books government or a secret team at its disposal? The defense of Reagan and the theories of his critics are not necessarily incompatible.

But the only Iran/*contra* theorist with the power of indictment is Lawrence Walsh. The special prosecutor's interpretation of the scandal, of course, is aimed at securing convictions, not at explaining all the details. But Walsh's legal theory, once it is presented in court, will undoubtedly help shape the public's understanding of the origins and causes of the scandal. Walsh's strategy, according to knowledgeable sources, is to portray the scandal narrowly as a series of interlocking conspiracies to obstruct justice, to evade tax laws, to violate the Boland amendment and the Neutrality Act. In seeking his indictments, Walsh is likely to present these actions collectively as a conspiracy to defraud the government. That will hardly put conspiracy theorists out of work. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 74*)

result, I'm in a position to state that Maureen Mullarkey's outrage over the intellectual corruption of Andrea Dworkin and Catharine A. MacKinnon is, if anything, understated.

The so-called field of social science from which this research emanates has yet to offer and agree on any useful (rather than expedient) definition of "pornography." Most of those in operation are value judgments masquerading as definitions. Neil Malamuth and Edward Donnerstein, whose research Dworkin and MacKinnon perverted (these scholars have publicly repudiated Dworkin and MacKinnon's specious extrapolations from their studies), use the term pornography "without any pejorative meaning to refer to material that is sexually explicit in referring to or visually depicting male and female anatomy." According to this definition, a medical school's models of reproductive organs, *Playboy*'s centerfold and Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon* are all pornographic. This hardly solves the problem. As art critic Morse Peckham once noted with chagrin, "It appears, then, that there is no available definition of pornography and no prospect of creating a neutral definition." That this lament occurred eighteen years ago, yet still holds true despite almost two decades of subsequent debate, says much about the quality and substance of that debate.

The absence of a neutral, commonly agreed-on, working definition of a subject would normally be considered a fundamental roadblock to critical inquiry. Astonishingly, as Malamuth and Victoria Billings aver without the slightest hint of sarcasm, "The lack of a precise definition has not impeded empirical work on the functions and effects of pornography, especially since the 1970 Presidential Commission on Pornography and Obscenity, and more vigorously, in the early 1980s."

The only research that the field itself now treats as in any way paradigmatic—the experiments of Malamuth and Donnerstein, claim, at the most, that men exposed under clinical conditions to explicit sexual material with a strongly violent aspect will, for a short time, be slightly more tolerant than previously of depicted or reported behavior in which sexuality and violence are conflated. This is neither a radical proposal nor a discovery that suggests provocative new paths for inquiry. As my late Aunt Dorothy would have said, "Any fool could have told them that."

As far as I can tell, the only clearly demonstrated and thoroughly substantiated social consequence of the dissemination of sexually explicit material—written, photographed, filmed, videotaped or theatrically performed—is that it generates endless and apparently unresolvable heated debate among adults. *A.D. Coleman*

MULLARKEY REPLIES

New York City

Professors Pauline B. Bart and Jane Mansbridge deserve an A+ for their faithful restatement of the publishers' blurbs. The only thing they establish is their remarkable trust in book jackets. Burke Marshall's ill-judged endorsement appears on the back cover of *Feminism Unmodified*. There is no indication that the professors read beyond this or even paid attention to the first fifteen pages of MacKinnon's book.

I know what MacKinnon and Dworkin "argue." At issue is the intellectual bankruptcy and crudity of the exercise. I took care to quote them on the ground that their prose was its own indictment. The professors cite nothing that provides a counterargument to my evaluation of *Feminism Unmodified*. Nor do they extract from Dworkin's "wealth of examples" in *Intercourse* a single item that might contradict my opinion of her vulgarity and *Kampfzeit* rhetoric. They content themselves with name-dropping as a form of rebuttal.

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The professors are confused about MacKinnon's historic contribution to women's rights. She was far from the first to conceptualize sexual harassment as discrimination. She was in law school when the pioneering cases, testing the ability of Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act to cover sexual harassment on the job, came to trial in the mid-1970s. The concept evolved as the common creation of men and women practicing equal-rights advocacy at the time.

The landmark *Williams v. Saxbe* case, argued successfully by Michael Hausfeld, marked the first legal recognition of the concept. The case was filed in 1972 and argued through the courts until a final Federal District Court decision in 1976. That case, not MacKinnon's theorizing, was pivotal in subsequent court action. (When I reached him by telephone in Washington, D.C., Hausfeld told me he had never heard of Catharine MacKinnon.) MacKinnon's book *Sexual Harassment of Working Women* was not published until 1979. It had grown out of a student paper and was much indebted to the harassment briefs filed in previous years, particularly those by feminist lawyers Nadine Taub, Linda Singer and Mary Dunlap. When the issue came before the Supreme Court in 1986, it upheld the principle for which precedent had been established ten years before. The case, *Vinson v. Meritor Savings Bank*, was argued by Pat Barry. MacKinnon was only one of many lawyers—including those of the Women's Legal Defense Fund, which submitted an *amicus curiae* brief—who worked on the case.

MacKinnon can more justly claim a first in attempting to prove that pornography also violates Title VII. The attempt failed because, among other reasons, what Marshall called "the most powerful mind and forceful voice now at work in this critical section of the law" was unable to define pornography in a legally acceptable way. Although Bart and Mansbridge refuse to attend this point, my review gave sufficient examples of MacKinnon's reasoning to explain her lack of success. Her thinking is riddled with discriminatory assumptions. ("To appeal to 'prurient interest' means, I believe, to give a man an erection." She does not admit that women also have prurient interests and are not untainted by arousal.)

The professors are easily shocked, and by the wrong things. The quality of Dworkin's argument is not determined by her family history. Argument stands or falls on the basis of its intelligence, coherence and honesty. Since *Intercourse* displays none of these, there is no reason to squander courtesy on it. The professors ratify bad thinking and debased scholarship on biographical grounds. This kind of special pleading fans suspicion that the decline of the humanities begins in the faculty office.

It is Dworkin who trivializes the Holocaust. She makes panty raids on Holocaust scholarship, perverting the material into a crackpot sociology that brands heterosexuality as the root of all evil. The professors can call her male-baiting and circular reasoning ("What men need done to women so that men can have intercourse with women is done to women so that men will have intercourse") an "extensive analysis" if they choose. I consider it bald ignorance. Dworkin's savage pedantry is not transformed into rational analysis by quotes from Jacobo Timerman and Wilhelm Reich or by words like "epistemology" and "pedagogy" (as in "At the center of the pedagogy is the fuck").

Dworkin's fanatical mimicking of Nazi qualities of mind and speech, seen in the context of her family history, raises questions better dealt with by a therapist than a book reviewer. A reviewer deals with what the author says and how she or he says it. With that as the only admissible evidence, Dworkin merits the Iron Cross. Any ideology that ascribes culpability to a people because of some ineluctable aspect of their humanity—skin color, blood line, gender—is racist. Since the "cumulative impact" of *Intercourse* is a call to the *Volk* to denounce male sexuality, *Reichsminister* Dworkin qualifies as a racist.

Bart and Mansbridge pull their skirts back from my use of Nazi imagery but do not object when the *Kampfstaffel* back at headquarters use it. (MacKinnon: "Sexuality has become the fascism of contemporary America and we are in the last days of Weimar." To Dworkin, every male is a Nazi. She rails against the "complicity" of the woman who "values her lover, the National Socialist, above any woman, anyone of her own kind or class or status.") Used to flatter their prejudices, the imagery goes down like pudding. Used to challenge them, it is *verboten*. That mentality keeps the lights going at the Ministries of Culture and Propaganda.

The professors' lack of acquaintance with Nazi language patterns is a disability. It impedes their recognition of parallels where they exist: in the fondness for pathetic effect, the contempt for rationality, reliance on the seductive power of ideological jargon. MacKinnon and Dworkin's inflammatory rhetoric, like Nazi oratory, is designed to break down emotional resistance. It is not an appeal to the audience's intelligence—as two of these letters demonstrate. Truth is irrelevant; the mood, the *Stimmung*, is everything. Indeed, the Nazi emphasis on "feeling" and "will" impairs the logic of each book. (MacKinnon calls it rape whenever a woman "has sex and *feels* violated." Such a definition rolls over circumstances and behavior with the brutality of a panzer division.)

For reasons alluded to in her letter, Mary Lee Sargent needed to be told that MacKinnon and Dworkin's manhating is the pride and banner of progressive feminism. She is worked up because she did not hear what she wanted to hear. Too bad. Since her displeasure does not permit her to articulate a cogent refutation, there is no need to take it too seriously. Her letter is preprogrammed and running on ideological microcode. It is a stellar illustration of the mindset to which Leader MacKinnon and Herr Dworkin appeal. Sargent sinks into the same manic, insinuating rhetoric that discredits *Intercourse*. She depends on the standard accusations—lesbian hater, self-hater, antifeminist, stand-in for male oppressors—used to deflect, rather than address, criticism. This is precisely the kind of ideological bullying I objected to in my review.

It is irresponsible and pernicious to deduce from that objection any disparagement of lesbians. By doing so, Sargent makes an implicit identification between lesbianism and manhating, which I did not. Such an equation slanders gay women. The validity and dignity of homosexuality is not dependent on mudslinging at heterosexuality. Any attempt to make it so is vicious and counterproductive. Dworkin's fantasy *putsch* against heterosexuality, predicated on revulsion, only reinforces popular caricatures. It does not enhance the credibility of gay men and women who assert the authenticity of homosexuality as a sound expression of their humanity.

The vagueness of Sargent's generalized reference to "black people" and "reverse racists" does not provide much leverage for discussion. All that is clear is that she does not comprehend the nature of demagogy. A facist style can be adopted by anyone, in or out of power. I expect that point will be lost on Sargent, who reveals affinities with that style herself. Obviously, her definition of a feminist critic is one whose judgment is constricted by the same ideological straitjacket she sports. Sargent is on the *qui vive* to march in the ranks of any pop fascist who plays to her biases.

Noretta Koertge and I have no argument with each other. I heartily agree: the pornography debate has not polarized the feminist community along lines of sexual preference. I never said that it had. What I did say was quite different: first, "the pornography issue is a stalking horse for power," and second, the real agenda of the Dworkin and MacKinnon books is the polarization of women along such lines. If Sargent's letter is any indication, the attempt has met with some success. I regret any confusion arising from that passage. Nevertheless, I think Koertge will find the meaning clear if she rereads the paragraph.

I am grateful to A.D. Coleman for addressing the heart of my argument: MacKinnon and Dworkin's manipulation of data to justify whatever conclusions they like. Not only does the research of Edward Donnerstein and Neil Malamuth not prove their convictions, it sometimes contradicts them. One Malamuth study, which the porn maidens ignore, indicated that repeated exposure to either sexually violent or nonviolent stimuli resulted in *reduced* arousal patterns in "force-oriented" subjects.

I would have enjoyed Coleman's late Aunt Dorothy. *Maureen Mullarkey*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Born to Trot

ELLEN W. SCHRECKER

THE NEW YORK INTELLECTUALS: The Rise and Decline of the Anti-Stalinist Left From the 1930s to the 1980s. *By Alan M. Wald. University of North Carolina Press. 440 pp. $32.50. Paper $12.95.*

This is more than just another book about Sidney and Irving, Philip and Dwight. It is a moral investigation, a chilling analysis of the phenomenon of deradicalization. Alan Wald focuses not on how his all too familiar subjects made it, but on how they lost it, on how so many creative Marxist intellectuals of the 1930s ended up as vociferous neoconservatives in the 1980s. What distinguishes this account of the New York intellectuals is Wald's impassioned involvement with the anti-Stalinist left and his determination to salvage something of value for the left from the residue of his subjects' worldly successes.

Wald is in many ways the protagonist of his book. Like many left-wing scholars, he is searching for a usable past—in his case a revolutionary Marxism independent of the Stalinism of the official Communist Party. The trouble is that the tradition he finds—essentially that of the Trotskyist New York intellectuals of the 1930s—is flawed. Few of its adherents stayed the course. At each stage in their apostasy, Wald offers his radical alternative to the theoretical and political lapses he trenchantly dissects. The result is an intense dialogue and a rich one. For, despite his mild sectarianism, Wald is a sophisticated Marxist critic, whose multidisciplinary approach allows him a good deal of insight into the intellectual history of the American left.

The prodigious research here introduces new material into an old story. Wald offers some new faces as well—the second-string intellectuals who were important in the anti-Stalinist left during the 1930s even though they later dropped from sight: Herbert Solow, an early activist who migrated from the secular Jewish pluralism of the seminal *Menorah Journal* through Communism and Trotskyism to *Fortune* magazine; James Rorty, a journalist who recruited intellectuals into the Communist Party before turning toward Trotskyism and ending up in advertising; and Felix Morrow, another left-wing journalist, whose peregrinations eventually led him into the business of publishing occult books.

An activist himself, Wald understands the realities of left politics. He examines the relationships between the New York intellectuals and the various groups and journals they favored. He focuses in particular on his subjects' association with the Trotskyist movement, an association he regards as central to their political identity. He even succeeds in explaining its appeal. There was, to begin with, the enormous prestige of Trotsky, a revolutionary hero, theoretician and literary critic who seemed to welcome like-minded intellectuals. There were also the special circumstances of the American scene, which made Trotskyism a more feasible alternative than it would have been in Europe, where the other working-class parties, the Socialists and Communists, had real power. Finally, an alliance with Trotsky enabled the New York intellectuals to reject the Stalinism of the Communist Party while remaining communist revolutionaries.

The problem, of course, was that the link between most of these New York intellectuals and organized Trotskyism was just as tenuous as their earlier relationship with the Communist Party had been. Though some became leaders and made important theoretical contributions, many more hung back and, despite ostensible sympathy for the anti-Stalinist left, never became activists. To be sure, American Trotskyism, for all its theoretical sophistication, was hardly a booming political movement. With 1,520 members at its peak, in 1938, it could promise its adherents few rewards besides rectitude. Moreover, it is possible that the New York intellectuals had already started on their rightward trajectory when they abandoned the Communist Party in the 1930s, and had little interest in the purer Marxism-Leninism that Wald would have had them adopt.

Partisan Review is a case in point. Wald questions its editors' commitment to the left and notes that "there were elements of elitism inscribed in *Partisan Review*'s project from its inception. It overreacted to vulgarized Marxism by assigning high culture its virtually exclusive center of interest and was rather selective in the modernist writers it promoted." The alienation from bourgeois culture that brought Philip Rahv and his co-editor, William Phillips, into the Communist Party in the first place may not have been an expression of working-class solidarity so much as a product of individual discontent. Not surprisingly, once the two critics broke with the party, they began a sympathetic dialogue with Trotsky, but refrained from making more than a literary commitment to his cause.

Wald finds recurring patterns in the political transformation of the New York intellectuals. Ironically, the path to the right often started with a sharp turn to the left. For example, several intellectuals criticized the Trotskyists' merger with the Socialist Party in the mid-1930s as a sellout, refused to join the new organization and then turned conservative. Such behavior established an unfortunate precedent—the critique of Marxism was often a prelude to its repudiation. The Trotskyists and other anti-Stalinist Marxists consequently shrank from challenging their own orthodoxies out of fear that criticism would lead to apostasy. This timidity, Wald writes, created "an embarrassing disruption of the development of Marxist thought in the United States that would leave the indigenous radical movement almost wholly dependent on European thought for stimulation and inspiration in future decades."

Deradicalization obviously did not occur in a vacuum and Wald scrupulously identifies the social and political forces that pushed it along. Nonetheless, as an intellectual writing about intellectuals, he understandably stresses the ideological aspects of this transition. The Moscow purge trials were the starting point. Either Stalin was right and the revolution's progenitors had betrayed it, or else Stalin was wrong and was himself the traitor. Faced with such contradictions, Wald argues, the New York intellectuals lost their revolutionary faith. Once this first step had been taken, others followed and ultimately the break with Stalinism that the purges facilitated encouraged the New York intellectuals to question Marxism as well.

Ellen W. Schrecker belongs to the National Writers Union and is the author of No Ivory Tower: McCarthyism and the Universities *(Oxford University Press).*

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Deradicalization was under way.

World War II consolidated the process. The independent left could not avoid the problem of whether to support the war against Germany, and if so on what ground. The Trotskyist movement, deeply divided over the question of whether the Soviet Union was worth defending, split in two, although both factions grudgingly backed the Allied cause. A few holdouts, Dwight Macdonald, Meyer Schapiro and Clement Greenberg among them, continued to oppose the "interimperialist war," on the ground that without a working-class revolution, the war would give rise to domestic fascism.

But most of the New York intellectuals viewed Hitler as the greater danger. Their support for the war, however reluctant, proved to "have a logic of its own. . . . even those who decided to give the war no more than 'critical' support were unable to act in any meaningful way to sustain working-class militancy and antiracist struggles at home, or to support (even if only through propaganda and education) movements for national liberation in such colonies as India." Accepting the war meant accepting the American state and the social order that it protected. As it turned out, the commitment was irreversible. Those who kept their distance from the conflict found it easier to retain their political allegiances in the immediate postwar years. But even their independence faltered as the pressures of the cold war, in conjunction with their own anti-Stalinist beliefs, drew them into a Manichaean view of the world in which the United States became the only force capable of resisting the Soviet evil.

The big swing to the right took place during the 1940s, and Wald, a literary scholar himself, draws on the fiction of the period to explore the transformation. He shows how the novels and short stories of Lionel Trilling, Mary McCarthy and Edmund Wilson, among others, depicted the process of deradicalization as the abandonment of a tired bohemian or ideological stance in favor of a more "mature," nuanced understanding of reality and experience. Gone is the language of class struggle and political engagement. In criticism, the key phrases have become "modulation," "skeptical realism" and Trilling's depoliticized pantheon of "variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty." As Wald points out, such language does not eschew ideology, it just conceals it.

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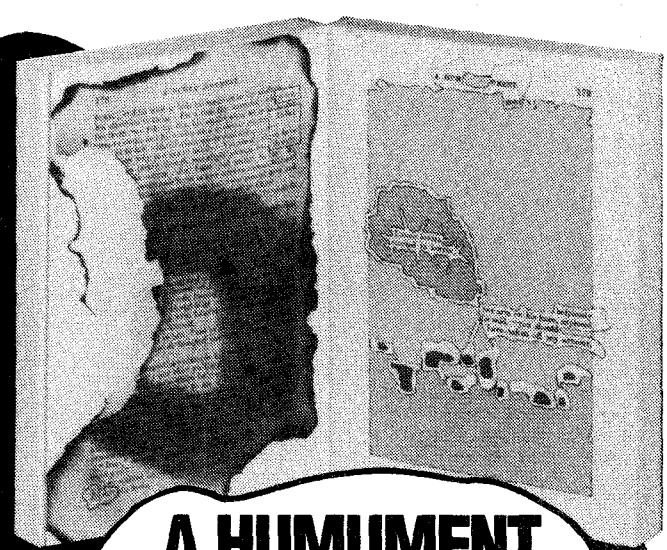

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Concealment seems to have been one of the main—and for Wald the most pernicious—characteristics of this shift. The apostate intellectuals refused to admit that they had moved from left to right. To this day neoconservatives like Sidney Hook insist that they are socialists, while others who spent years in the Communist Party deny ever having had a connection with it. "Political amnesia" seems to have eased the psychological burden of their transition.

Whether from fear, opportunism or genuine belief, most of the New York intellectuals accommodated themselves to the strident anti-Communism of the McCarthy era. Wald's contribution here is to note how difficult it would have been even without McCarthyism for these people to have remained Marxists. The intellectual task alone was daunting, for, as Wald cogently argues, they would have had to revise Marxism to account for the postwar world: "the persistence of Stalinism, the restabilization of American capitalism, and the failure of the Trotskyist or any other revolutionary movement to grow in numbers." They chose instead to abandon the project. Even Irving Howe, whom Wald admires for withstanding the worst of McCarthyism and for having been "able to bring an element of socialist discourse into American literary and academic circles during the Cold War years," ultimately lost his radical verve. Unable or unwilling to recognize the limitations of the social democracy that he advocated, Howe further damaged the anti-Stalinist left by overemphasizing the dangers of Communism.

Here Wald's own desire to retrieve an anti-Stalinist left may be a problem. On the one hand, he insists that a genuine commitment to the left requires concrete action, not abstract rhetoric. Yet on the other, he ignores his own criterion, by defining his subjects' association with Trotskyism as an inherently radical activity despite his own evidence that that association was both transitory—if not transitional—and, for many of them, essentially theoretical. In fact, Wald presents little evidence that these people's engagement with Trotskyism consisted of much more than Commie-bashing.

There is also the problem that the very notion of an "anti-Stalinist left" may be an oxymoron. While Wald acknowledges the crippling effect of his characters' anti-Stalinism, he does not come to grips with the possibility that by defining their political identity primarily in terms of their opposition to the Communist Party rather than in a more positive attachment to the antiracist, anti-imperialist and working-class–based program that Wald himself embraces, the New York intellectuals had already abandoned the left.

Whatever its flaws, Wald's book is still the most thoughtful and comprehensive study of the New York intellectuals. Perhaps it will free us at last from their spell so that we can explore other aspects of the radical past. There were, after all, a great many left-wing intellectuals in New York who did not become conservatives. It may be time to reassess their contributions. □

'Canning' Time

DAVID HAMILTON

THE RECORDING ANGEL: Explorations in Phonography. *By Evan Eisenberg. McGraw-Hill. 264 pp. $17.95.*

During the first half of the present century, recordings aspired to emulate, and perhaps to preserve for posterity, approximations of live musical performances. The pioneer recording engineers traveled the world seeking famous musicians (and actors and statesmen) and persuading them to do their things (or as much thereof as would fit in three or four minutes) for the horn and, later, in more extended chunks, for the microphone. By the end of the 1920s, free music via radio seemed likely to replace the phonograph, but eventually the two media worked out a comfortable coexistence, manifest in the ownership of the two major American record companies by the two major broadcasting networks: radio was used to promote the sale of records. Until the 1950s, recordings were accepted only as imperfect simulacra of in-person music-making, lacking the immediacy, spontaneity and certainly the continuity and sonic quality of the concert or bandstand or theater.

Recordings were the first method of "canning" time, and at first they preserved time much more accurately than they did the color of sounds. Then came the motion picture, which stored time's flow visually. Even before the two were combined as the sound film, cinematography had developed techniques that permitted the reconfiguration of time as well as space. Only around 1950, with the long-playing record (which brought greater fidelity of sound and continuity), magnetic tape and stereo, did sound recording acquire techniques comparable to those of cinematography. Mistakes could be edited out; material recorded on separate occasions (even by performers who had never met) could be combined; musical balances and vistas could be altered. Finally, even the sounds could be generated electronically, without the intervention of performing musicians.

Today, in most highly visible musical styles, live performances (if extant at all) are subsidiary to the corresponding recordings. Some concerts are attempts to re-create successful records in public (often with electronic assistance), to sell them again, adding the bonus of physical presence. Others are sources of recordings, staged with that end in view (the forest of microphones hanging over the orchestra sends the audience a message which is really "You are secondary," though it may be read as "You are lucky to be present at a historic event"). In concert music as in vernacular idioms, the economic power generated by the mass production and distribution of recordings siphons a significant part of the available talent away from what remains of live-music cultures. The latter survive, as theater survived the advent of film and film the advent of TV (and as "live" TV will doubtless survive the VCR), but in impoverished forms: how can they compete with that kind of money, either for the services of the best performers or for the attention of the public?

That account oversimplifies—but obviously these developments have changed the very nature of music and its role in our culture, as well as the relationship of individuals and society to musical works, performers and traditions. Evan Eisenberg's witty, perceptive, informed and dazzlingly allusive book, *The Recording Angel*, explores the origins and consequences of "phonography"—his term for the new "art" whose existence was most tellingly articulated by the late Glenn Gould, the only individual to rate a chapter of his own (although nearly

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everyone you can think of, from Hans Castorp to Blind Lemon Jefferson to Stanley Cavell, as well as phonographic icons such as Caruso, Callas and Charlie Parker, turns up somewhere in these pages). Along the way we encounter four vividly and sympathetically drawn profiles of record listeners: Clarence the accumulator, Tomás the ritualistic opera queen and discophile, Nina the hypercultured and hypersensitive pianist, and Saul the now-disillusioned opera fan of the 1940s and 1950s. They help Eisenberg focus, within his broad frame of reference, on the personal consequences of music's "reification," on the ways individuals' relationships to music have been altered by technology.

Eisenberg has a lively grasp of the paradoxes inherent in the medium. "A record is a sculpted block of time . . . carved from another time and place. . . . But a record of music does not record historical time. It records musical time which, though it exists in historical time, is not of it." Or, on the transaction: "When I buy a record, the musician is eclipsed by the disk. And I am eclipsed by my money—not only from the musician's view but from my own. . . . The shudder and ring of the register is the true music; later I will play the record, but that will be redundant. My money has already heard it." (The introduction of the compact disc, "justifying" the repurchase of recordings they already own, encourages buyers to repeat that thrill.) "Where radio unites, records fracture," though in the long run records have transformed, perhaps even "fractured" radio. He's a stimulating reader of symbols, such as the famous "His Master's Voice" painting, and not easily taken in by conspiracy theories of an Adornoish cast.

Above all, he grasps the multivalent nature of the recording, that a record is what you do with it, never the same thing to different people—or to the same person at different times and places. Some listen hard, some casually, some ritualistically, many alone, few in company (even in congress), some with contextual information, others without. Eisenberg reads the implications with care and insight. I would have welcomed more about the aesthetic consequences of miniaturization: the gradual progress from those bulky leatherlike albums of frangible 78 rpm records made up to look like cultural incunabula (with an implicit social distinction between ten-inch vernacular records and twelve-inch art records) to the lucite cases containing interchangeable parts for insertion in high-tech black boxes run by sedentary operators with remote controls. Or about the matter of recordings becoming models for imitation by young performers, short-circuiting the traditional process of study and interpretation and creating growing ranks of musicians who view their function as essentially that of a good stereo system rather than of a personal intermediary.

But our differing concerns are doubtless functions of our different generational perspectives. What is sure is Eisenberg's recognition of real issues, his ability to articulate them and connect them with the surrounding culture and his power to stimulate further thought about this underexplored subject. If only the publisher had matched the quality of intellect here with an attractive type page design and with a jacket that didn't appear embarrassed by the book's main title and its implicit irony: what kind of angel? □

BOOK NOTES.

PETER SCHRAG

WITNESS TO A CENTURY: Encounters With the Noted, the Notorious, and Three SOBs. *By George Seldes. Ballantine. 490 pp. $19.95.*

George Seldes, who spent about half of his incredibly productive life as a journalist and the other half trying to keep his profession honest, has published a memoir, at the age of 96, telling about some of it. Reading *Witness to a Century* is like eating peanuts—once you start, it's hard to stop. The stories go back to the day, circa 1906, when Maxim Gorki, having been thrown out of a local hotel, spent the night with the Seldes family in New Jersey; there's the time William Jennings Bryan, in his long underwear, threw Seldes, then a cub reporter, out of his hotel room; there are the discoveries about how Pittsburgh's commercial barons controlled not only the right-wing papers but the liberal as well. In one good yarn after another, Seldes tells about press manipulation in World War I, about Tito and Joe McCarthy, about Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser, about Errol Flynn

Peter Schrag is the editor of the editorial page of The Sacramento Bee.

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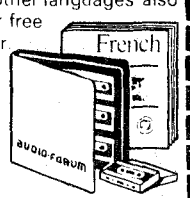

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faking his disappearance during the Spanish Civil War to get some cheap publicity.

The stories run on, many of them discrete footnotes to history, some laced together with Seldes's still-powerful anger about the malefactions and distortions of the press through much of this century: major newspaper correspondents who suppressed stories about the murder that enabled Mussolini to take power; the consummate failure of the press to characterize fairly the Franco revolt in Spain or fully report the extent of the fascist support he had; the suppression of the record of Hungary's controversial Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, who became a cold war hero of the right and whose anti-Semitism and collaboration with the Germans in World War II was ignored. There are a lot more than three S.O.B.s in this book. Seldes was one of the first people to institutionalize press criticism in his newsletter "In Fact," a publication that ultimately succumbed to the combined stresses of economics, F.B.I. harassment and the climate of the McCarthy era. Obviously Seldes's impulses didn't succumb with it. The last word in this book is "truth." □

FILMS.

TERRENCE RAFFERTY

Full Metal Jacket

The Marine Corps training camp where the first, and more striking, half of *Full Metal Jacket* takes place looks more like a medical facility than a military one. The barracks are lit as brightly and evenly as an operating theater, the walls are a uniform white and every surface has been scrubbed to an antiseptic shine. Welcome to Stanley Kubrick's place. The director greets us with a montage of recruits having their heads mowed with electric clippers and, as it turns out, this scene signifies more than just the loss of the young soldiers' individuality. As the movie whirs along, drilling its ideas into our skulls with relentless concentration, we realize that, in a sense, the Marines' heads have been shaved for surgery: basic training is an operation on their brains, a procedure that excises, with laserlike precision, all traces of humane and civilized impulses and implants in their place the hard instincts of killers. We've watched this process before, in countless war movies, but the punishing rigor of Kubrick's treatment is new: he works on the audience as single-mindedly as the drill instructor, Sergeant Hartman (Lee Ermey), works on his recruits. Kubrick leaves us rubbing our heads and wondering where the feeling went.

Kubrick's approach is bold, in a rather outdated way. The recruits chant Marine doggerel in unison, Hartman screams obscenities like incantations, men in white skivvies arrange themselves in symmetrical group compositions—it's all spectacle, ritualized performance, like an avant-garde theater production of the 1960s. (The nearest film equivalent is probably Jonas Mekas's *The Brig*, made in 1964.) Pressed to defend this technique, Kubrick would probably say that there's no way for us to understand something as unnatural as training for war unless we allow him to manipulate and depersonalize us in the same manner: if we put ourselves in his skilled hands, surrender our will and our intelligence, he'll abuse us for our own good. Tell it to the Marines, Stanley. These assaultive methods might work—just—if this spectacle were truly autonomous, if the movie ended with the end of basic training. But the story (adapted by Kubrick, Michael Herr and Gustav Hasford from Hasford's novel *The Short-Timers*) goes on, following a character known as Private Joker (Matthew Modine) to Vietnam around the time of the Tet offensive, and at that point Kubrick's radical surgery on the dramatic conventions doesn't look like such a good idea; he's cut away too much. The characters remain dehumanized, the audience remains desensitized and Vietnam has never seemed farther away.

Full Metal Jacket certainly isn't what we expect a Vietnam movie to be. Then again, it's only secondarily a movie about the war. First and foremost, this is a *Kubrick* movie: self-absorbed, self-referential, formally overdetermined, distanced without being the least bit rational or objective. The big question, as always, is not what Kubrick's doing but why he's doing it. Dissertations could—no, will—be written on the formidable and peculiar technique of this picture: no amount of stylistic analysis, however, is likely to explain why a man would devote more than three years of his life to making a war movie in which violent death isn't meant to move us. Does Kubrick really think we're not callous *enough* about war, that we'd see it more clearly under anesthesia? By plunging us straight into the living theater of basic training, and then, after an abrupt midpicture break, straight into the war itself—each time without bothering to fill in the tiniest detail of his characters' personal histories—Kubrick reduces everything and everyone to the merely functional. "You will be a weapon," Hartman announces to his recruits at the beginning of the film, and we can't even feel horror or sadness at the way these young men are objectified, because Kubrick never gives us any indication that they had any humanity to lose. When soldiers introduced in the second half of the film are picked off by a sniper in Hué, there's nothing to respond to but the aesthetic effect of action-painting sprays of blood and the sculptural contortions of dying bodies: the life these men have been given on screen is so pale we barely feel its loss. We'd be more startled if one of the small, evenly burning orange fires, impeccably placed among the ruins in every composition, were to go out or begin to blaze uncontrollably: that, in this movie's scheme, would be an event. But they, like the characters, just flicker quietly in the background, unchanging and indistinguishable from each other, taking up their assigned space in the artful tableaux.

Kubrick's "Vietnam movie" is a pure abstraction that doesn't illustrate the brutality of war so much as echo it. The long boot-camp sequence is, in many ways, the most forceful work he's done in years—he's frighteningly into it. (These scenes, which take up barely a sixth of Hasford's novel, account for nearly half of Kubrick's movie.) He actually seems to share the drill instructor's relish in deconstructing and reconstructing his charges' personalities. Hartman, with his exhausting endurance courses and his ceaseless barrage of psychological abuse, reduces his young men to the barest human essentials, emotional and physical: he makes them raw material again, so he can create them fresh, in the Marines' image. He even gives them new names upon meeting them for the first time—Joker, Cowboy, Gomer Pyle—and the recruits never use their old names again, even among themselves. In part, these passages read as a blasphemous parody of the creation (Hartman, speaking chummily of God, says, "He plays his games, we play ours") and a clinical dissection of the process by which men are "born again." The sergeant's most abject,

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then most dangerously zealous, pupil is the one called Pyle (Vincent D'Onofrio), a fat, overgrown baby who achieves a perfect mystical/psychotic union with his weapon.

In another sense, the basic training in *Full Metal Jacket* is the image of a theatrical process, of performers rehearsing, rehearsing, rehearsing, under the eye of a stern director, until they've learned to forget themselves and live their roles. Basic training is presented here as the Method in hell, a semester at the Killers' Studio. Hartman isn't just a god, he's a director in absolute control of all his effects: he's virtually a fantasy projection of Kubrick's own aesthetic, subjugating even the rawest material of nature, even the unpredictable mess of the individual personality, to his overpowering will. It's no wonder these passages are so intense—they're about something Kubrick really understands.

For the climactic scene of *Full Metal Jacket*'s harrowing first half, Kubrick moves the action from the squad bay where the recruits sleep (which is where the novel sets the final scene) to a significant new location: the lavatory, a huge white-on-white chamber whose eerie lack of color is broken only by the uniform rows of black seats on the exposed toilets lining each wall. In this strange setting, Hartman, Pyle and Joker (who's on watch) play out the end of the only real drama in the movie, resolve the relationship between creator and creations with a violent ambivalence. This place—the only place where Kubrick truly seems at home—is called, in military fashion, the Head. □

ARCHITECTURE.

JANE HOLTZ KAY

Le Corbusier

If nothing speaks louder than silence, what does one make of the muffled sound of the centennial celebration of Charles-Edouard Jeanneret? In the season preceding his October 6 birthday, the name and work of the modern master known to history as Le Corbusier is barely a white noise in the cacophony that passes for architectural discourse. Aesthetic czar, textbook genius, artist, sculptor and premier propagandist for the modern movement, Le Corbusier alone among the quartet of modern giants—Mies van der Rohe, Frank Lloyd Wright, Walter Gropius and himself—has been little noted in this country.

Mies's centennial last year prompted what the Museum of Modern Art in New York called the "most comprehensive exhibition ever devoted" to this pioneer; there was also Franz Schulze's compelling biography of the man. Frank Lloyd Wright's drawings were fetching anywhere from $30,000 to $200,000 at the Max Protech Gallery in New York in June, and the American Institute of Architects in Washington celebrated his birthday with an enormous cake. More significant, Wright's restored home and studio opened in Oak Park, Illinois, this spring and there will be yet another Wright show next winter. Gropius's espousal of the team approach combined with his lackluster work in the United States somewhat dulled his renown as a founder of the Bauhaus. But even he earned some *succès de scandale* in this country as the Silver Prince in Tom Wolfe's polemic *From Bauhaus to Our House*. Since then, the Gropius exhibition at the Busch-Reisinger Museum at Harvard University revealed his youthful verve and genius and prompted a reappraisal of his work.

But what of Le Corbusier?

Europe has feted this artist/architect who embraced the machine age with a joy and genius that secured his supremacy. His shows there might score a map of the Continent—London, Paris, Geneva, Amsterdam. A forthcoming French exhibition will chart Le Corbusier's influence on the work of his followers.

On this side of the Atlantic, though, we have simply slighted the subject. The Museum of Modern Art affixed the phrase "a modest tribute" to its spring show of five Le Corbusier models and some drawings. The museum spruced up three of the squint-size architectural replicas (the villas Stein and Savoye and the never-executed futuristic Palace of the Soviets) and commissioned new models of public projects (the Salvation Army hostel and the Swiss pavilion at the Cité Universitaire, Paris) in which Le Corbusier's architecture swelled to match the grandiose and universal concerns in his writing.

A symposium focused on the period of transition between his styles of architecture; speakers addressed the question of his movement away from the classic white steel box on black stilts to the expressionistic primitivism of his later period. It was a worthwhile scholarly enterprise but scarcely a ripple compared with the splash made by many architects. There is, of course, the Cambridge home of Le Corbusier's single American building, Harvard's Carpenter Center, which gave him a welcome of his own designing—a show of his buoyant paintings and sculpture set within his own architecture. A photograph in the show recalled the figure of the architect (black owlish glasses, hair slicked into a Deco reminiscence of Fred Astaire, sweater on his sloping shoulders) and an interlude of reminiscence by two disciples recalled his approach—the endlessly fertile mind, the fingers flitting through the "warm-up exercises" of his art, the rational spirit settling down to codify that art in his system of measurement by the human form called the "modulor."

But here again, the treatment allotted the Harvard shrine of the Swiss master's late period is typical. Its concrete presence, its roller coaster ramp, the heavy *brises-soleil* ("sunbreakers"), the *pilotis* above a sunken, ever-chilly pit of a terrace, have not found great favor in the Cambridge environs. The minor period piece by Le Corbusier sits like one more token to twentieth-century architecture dropped dutifully but insensitively on the more congenial campus of the past.

Publishers, alert to the written legacy of the father figure of modern architecture, have issued or reissued a number of his works. Le Corbusier's *Journey to the East* (M.I.T. Press, $24.95) traces the crucial trip of the 24-year-old Jeanneret, describing his historical roots and the passion that energized his life: "As for me, pushed to action by the demanding conviction of a builder who dreams of uniting steel with concrete in strong rhythms, I am happy to know that once upon a time a Zeus made of bronze stood upon this hill," he wrote in praise of the materials of his time and the time to come.

"Le Corbusier's strength also lay in the scope of his thought," translator James Dunnett writes in his introduction to a reissue of *The Decorative Art of Today* (M.I.T. Press, $12.50). "He was able to develop his doctrine into a theory extending from the scale of the ink-pot to the scale of the city." Le Corbusier's theory establishes his immediacy and also affords some perspective on problems of technology we still have not faced. The theory as demonstrated in *Urbanisme* (reissued by Dover as *The*

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City of To-morrow and Its Planning, $8.95) is fired by an exuberance that is almost dimensional and is more alive than the most lavish book released for the centennial, William J.R. Curtis's *Le Corbusier: Ideas and Forms* (Rizzoli, $40).

Curtis's hefty volume is a readable compilation of Le Corbusier's labors based on new material from the Fondation Le Corbusier but, like the reissues, it is really only a call for more—more information, more appraisal, more reassessment. One gains few new insights. No horizons have expanded since the 1968 *Elements of a Synthesis* undertaken by Stanislaus Von Moos. No leaps. No sense here that this anniversary is an occasion for looking at the past to evaluate the present, or for plumbing today to understand yesterday.

At the very least, we should examine how Le Corbusier's values became associated with the failures of modern architecture. This man who sought to elevate architecture from the stodgy grounding of moribund forms, who "liberated it from the soil" by stilts and roofdecks, who sought light and air and greenery by shaping superblocks bounded by highways, has become the symbol of a world that has done those deeds badly. His "Ville Radieuse" of wraparound roads and high-rise towers is the coda for cities gone awry. Yet such urban-planning disasters are neither Le Corbusier's only legacy nor the total Le Corbusier.

The architect who gave us the glass brick to let in light with privacy, the *brise-soleil* to ameliorate the climate, the dynamic inner space that could free interiors, appears in his own masterpieces and in those of his heirs. If his dream of creating a utopia through mechanization sounds like the old Du Pont dream of Better Living Through Chemistry, the dreams of his postmodern heirs for a Better Living Through History are worse. They lack his human and social aspirations and share the century's aggrandisement of the modern into the megalopolistic.

Part of the reason this prophet is without honor in this country is parochial—less the distaste for his theories and the dissemination of his design by lesser lights than bureaucratic or circumstantial reasons. Gropius and Mies were both expatriates. America became the base for their architecture and their institutionalization. Each has his body of work to attract admirers or his "academy" to fix facts. Gropius's documentation, so to speak, is encased at the Bauhaus archives at the Busch-Reisinger; Mies's is at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Museum of Modern Art. Wright is a virtual cult among his followers at Taliesin; his houses are even house museums. Not so with Le Corbusier.

Certainly some architects have made the pilgrimage to Le Corbusier's chapel at Ronchamps if not to Chandigarh; some scholars study his works. But instead of an ambivalent appreciation, Le Corbusier's modernism mostly elicits disdain. While "The Machine Age," a traveling exhibition of the design bric-a-brac of the 1930s draws crowds of people who share fond memories of vintage toasters and sleek automobiles, Le Corbusier's romance with ocean liners and a dentist chair, his polemic for the roadster as the Parthenon of our period, attract no such affection. Le Corbusier is not quaint. His is a demon modernism.

That is why this anniversary is necessary: it is essential to step back and see that the sterile streets, the elevated towers, the machine-based, budget-bound building, the overscale empty elements of our architecture follow impulses beyond one man. Analysis, like history itself, is more than surface deep; more than the skin game by which today's architects ransack the past for facades that pretend to say "we care for context." Le Corbusier's issues remain the primary and untouched issues of our time: How can we learn to live with an industrialized environment; how can we serve our society with the parts dictated by new means, new needs and new machines? We have not yet begun to translate the elements that Le Corbusier identified into fragments of a humane environment. And unless we understand the successes and ultimate failure of this titan of modern design to do so, we can no more comprehend the architecture of this day and hour—be it modern, postmodern or neomodern—than understand Le Corbusier's. □

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MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

JVC Jazz Festival New York

As it has for so many years, late June brought the JVC (formerly Kool, formerly Newport) Jazz Festival to New York City's concert spaces. The last few times around, the JVC has stirred an odd combination of controversy and boredom among musicians, critics and music lovers. No one seems to agree about exactly what it should do or be. Should it try to present a broad range of artists and if so, which ones? Should it limit itself, like the New York Philharmonic or the Metropolitan Opera, to sure bets? Or should it try to mix both approaches, and if so, how?

This year's festival offered some answers to those questions by featuring the most diversified lineup of musicians and styles in recent years, including longtime outsiders like Ornette Coleman and the World Saxophone Quartet. In tandem with the JVC, the World Music Institute ran a series called Improvisations!, which explored the relationship between improvisation and composition in the work of over a dozen, mostly younger, artists. Obviously there was a lot of music to hear, more than any one person could cover. I avoided the groups I'd seen and written about recently—Herbie Hancock's excellent trio with bassist Buster Williams and drummer Al Foster, the W.S.Q. and Branford Marsalis—in favor of those I hadn't. What follows is only a festival sampler.

War horses first: If Miles Davis put on what one longtime admirer and music critic described as a "wake," the Modern Jazz Quartet, which is currently celebrating its thirty-fifth anniversary, did quite the opposite. The first half of the group's set drew on material from its latest album, *Three Windows*,

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played with the New York Chamber Orchestra conducted by composer/pianist John Lewis. Here the use of strings to blend elements of the blues, Gershwin and classical concerto form made these pieces a kind of concerto for M.J.Q. In the postintermission set, the quartet hit the stage alone and delivered its patented low-key, swinging readings of old favorites like "D and E," giving vibes master Milt Jackson plenty of room to spread his fluid, shimmering lines over pungent accompaniment by Lewis, bassist Percy Heath and drummer Connie Kay. Despite Carnegie Hall's new acoustics and sound system, which made every performance seem ethereal and far-off, the M.J.Q. brought it all home to a thunderous ovation.

If you're one of the unfortunates who absorb (it can't be called listening) the bland New Age-isms of Shadowfax and its ilk, take some advice: use their records as Frisbees or dishes. If space is the place you're after, there are much better ways to get there. Like Sun Ra, for instance. For three decades, this explorer of outer and inner space has been leading his Arkestra through unmapped musical outlands; during the festival, he landed at Weill Recital Hall to deliver a feisty brew of solo piano pieces that sounded like they'd been alchemized at zero gravity. Near-impossible fragments appeared, hovered, collided to produce astonishing clouds of sound: post-Webern clusters mixed with stride stylings, Harry Partchisms thickening up gutbucket blues. When his allotted hour was up and an impatient technician turned up the house lights, then turned off the stage lights, Sun Ra didn't even look up. He just finished his last few choruses, got up from the bench as he had each time between numbers, spreading his hands palms out to acknowledge the applause, and with his unruffled dignity and outrageous sequined costume intact strode offstage. The capacity crowd screamed and whistled and clapped several minutes more anyway.

Another longtime outsider who finally penetrated the inner circle of this festival is Ornette Coleman. Like the M.J.Q., Ornette is celebrating an anniversary, the thirtieth, of his debut with his first quartet. To mark the occasion he has issued a double-record set of new material, aptly called *Ornette in all Languages*. One disc features the original Quartet from 1957, with trumpeter Don Cherry, bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Billy Higgins; the

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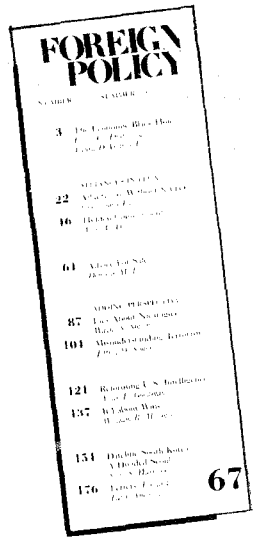

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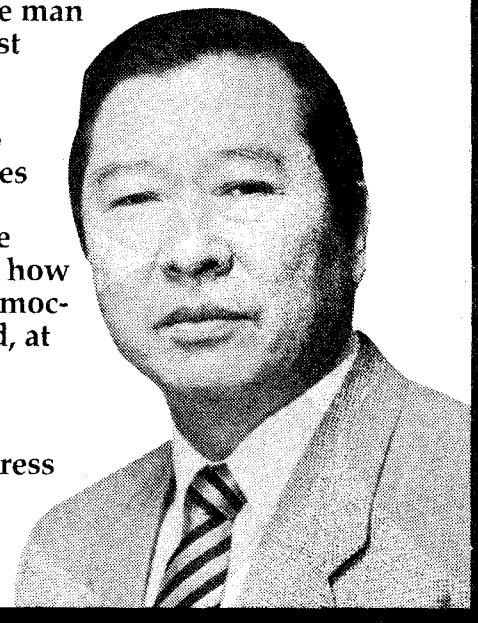

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other features his decade-old swaggering electric harmolodic foray into the twenty-first century, Prime Time, with bassists Jamaaladeen Tacuma and Al MacDowell, guitarists Bern Nix and Charlie Ellerbee, drummer Calvin Weston and Ornette's son Denardo on Roland drum-synthesis pads. The concert at Town Hall—where Ornette played last year with guitarist Pat Metheny, inspiring a number of fans to walk out—was packed with folks waiting to see the Quartet reunited and hear the new material. Canny Ornette scheduled the acoustic group (with Ed Blackwell replacing Higgins on drums) to follow the intermission so that there was no escape from Prime Time, and the tactic worked. The electric band unsheathed its prismatic onslaught: Nix and Tacuma adroitly wrapping their edgy solo lines around Ornette's vocalic blues wail, Weston tearing out slinky funk chords, MacDowell nailing down the thundering bottom and Denardo and Weston pummeling out dense polyrhythms. Listening to Prime Time's overwhelming density is always a little like standing on the corner of First and Houston in early summer and getting caught in the rich mesh of different beats, what they call the sounds of the city; once you're hooked, it's exhilarating beyond words.

And so, when the Quartet took the stage, it took a couple of songs to adjust. The music sounded so open after the electric band's searing intensity that it was like going from First and Houston to Saugerties. But that openness is retrospective, and entirely deceptive—the Quartet's music, which raised cries of outrage from critics and musicians a generation ago, still frequently provokes walkouts. And in fact the remarkable display of musicality in the second set made it pretty clear that the Quartet was the progenitor of Prime Time's polyrhythmic funk. It's soulful rendering of one of Ornette's most justly famous tunes, "Lonely Woman," proved his own argument that his music will live through his writing as much as through his horn. When the foursome joined forces with Prime Time at the show's close, they gleefully tore into "Theme From a Symphony," the singsong track whose two versions, along with a hypnotic session Ornette and journalist-clarinetist Robert Palmer did with the Master Musicians of Jajouka, make up the first Prime Time LP, *Dancing in Your Head*. As the raucous blitzkrieg faded, Town Hall exploded into a long standing ovation; Ornette came back onstage with wet eyes and an engaging smile. For me, it was the high point of the festival.

Another giant who has cast his musical shadow over the last thirty years proved much less substantial in person. It's hard to say why Ray Charles was booked as part of the JVC Jazz Festival to begin with, since his music's only improvisation comes in his vocal melismas and in his piano's glosses on the tunes at hand. Even those formidable tools—there is still nobody who can wrench more out of a note than Brother Ray, as his take on such pap as "Some Enchanted Evening" demonstrated—were blunted by the sluggish band, which seemed lost when it came to rollicking behind "Hit the Road, Jack" or "What'd I Say." Nor were the flat acoustic properties of Avery Fisher Hall much help in putting across any trace of soulful fervor.

A younger vocalist with a following as devoted as Charles's is Panamanian-born Ruben Blades. Drawing on a folky kind of Latino crooning, in which love and politics are folded together, Blades allowed his smooth Seis Del Solar to venture into occasional improvisations over otherwise tightly controlled charts. This hybridized salsa group contained two synthesists (one using a wind-type mouthpiece to mimic salsa horn-section work) and a battery of percussionists pumping out stuttering polyrhythms. Blades touched his near-full house with stories told in Spanish followed by his own English paraphrases, and his warm tenor seems ideal for delivering even hard-nosed material like "Terra Dura," about the problems drug money has brought to Latin America. But the question again arises, Does a Ruben Blades belong on the bill of a jazz festival?

At the very least, we need some way of looking at the large collection of musical styles that rely on improvisation—what we call jazz. As it happens, the relationship between composition and improvisation was central to the World Music Institute's Improvisations! series. Beginning two weeks before the JVC Festival and then running simultaneously with the JVC under its aegis, Improvisations! gathered some lesser-known artists to explore that relationship from a number of angles. An excellent idea with, as it turned out, some interesting problems.

To begin with there were too many representatives of old new waves like Dewey Redman, Amina Claudine Myers and Leroy Jenkins; their underrehearsed bands noodled through weak material. To make matters worse there were Anthony Davis's Episteme and Gerry Hemingway's Trio, where the emphasis on the compositional frame nearly obliterated spontaneous invention. Neoconservative to the core, those apparent avant-gardists rely on the languages, attitudes

COLLECTING FUTURE LIVES

Now that everybody was dead
only he and his brother knew
the blood secrets, the unequal
history each nervous system
keeps and rehearses
into a story, a life.
Over the years they'd agreed
to invent and remember
a long hum of good times,
love breaking through
during card games,
their father teaching them
to skip stones
under the Whitestone Bridge.
The smart liar in them
knew these stories
were for their children
who, that very moment
over dinner, were collecting
their future lives.
But sometimes
in their twice-a-year visits
late at night
when their wives had tired
of the old repetitions,
they'd bring up the silences
in the living room
after a voice had been raised,
father's drinking, mother's
long martyrdom before the gods
of propriety and common sense.
In their mannerisms
each could see the same ghosts.
And if they allowed themselves
to keep talking,
if they'd had enough to drink,
love would be all
that mattered, the love
they were cheated of
and the love they got,
the parental love
that if remembered at all
had been given, they decided,
and therefore could be given
again.

Stephen Dunn

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and assumptions of the European classical movements of a generation or two ago. Davis's work sounded like warmed-over Britten, while Hemingway's "intense young romantic" mannerisms, secondhand percussion deconstructions and derivative compositional effects revealed a reactionary egotism. Unlike the M.J.Q., whose meldings of classical and jazz idioms attempt to fashion a truly new musical format, these artists seem to aspire to "legitimacy" by taking out a European passport.

Of course, there are other options, and the World Musical Institute offered a fair tour of them. Both the Black Swan Quartet and Henry Threadgill's WindString Ensemble found challenging and oblique ways to combine classical idioms and instrumentation with a jazz-based sensibility; in the process they also dramatized the interaction between composition and improvisation. Threadgill, for instance, drew on dodecaphonics and Bach while adding dollops of gutbucket blues and some free-wheeling alto and flute solos for his First and Second WindString Quintets; if the seams did not show, that's because of his skillful writing and the quality of the players he works with—people like cellist Akua Turre Dixon, violinist Jason Hwang, violist Melvin Roundtree and tuba man Tony Underwood. The Black Swan, a kind of skewed string quartet led by violinist Akbar Ali, with cellists Eileen Folson and Abdul Wadud and bass giant Reggie Workman, did a stunning version of Duke Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss" and a flamboyant reading of Lee Morgan's "Double Up," which spotlighted Workman. The "Libation Suite" swirled together serial music, blues vamps and modal excursions with Coltranesque motifs to superb effect.

Some lineups relied on traditional jazz instrumentation to create other kinds of collisions between structure and spontaneity. Muhal Richard Abrams, a founder of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (and co-writer of the introduction to the excellent program notes, which included interviews on the series' theme), fielded a fine, disciplined quartet with reed man John Purcell, bassist Lindsey Horner and drum master Andrew Cyrille. For the three-part piece called "Birth, Contemplation and Meditation, Evolution," Horner and Cyrille boiled the rhythms beneath Purcell's outpouring of virtuoso solos. As always, Abrams anchored the group with his precise and occasionally expansive piano.

Clarinet master John Carter delved into the roots of African-American music and folklore. His last album, *Castles of Ghana*, was a musical exploration of the beginnings of the slave trade on the African west coast, and the collapse of the civilizations that collaborated with the traders. It was an ambitious thematic piece, brilliantly rendered. For Improvisations! Carter drew from his new LP, *Dance of the Love Ghosts*. Coming as it did right after the Davis debacle, it couldn't have been more welcome or enlightening. When Duke Ellington wrote, "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing," he was pointing to one of jazz's essentials: the unique rhythms that drive the music. Every revolution in jazz from the days of Dixieland on down has recognized that as an imperative and reorganized the rhythms to fit the new concepts. Carter realizes this, and he brought drummer Cyrille and bass monster Fred Hopkins together for explosive results. These two lit a fire under everybody else: bass clarinetist Marty Ehrlich, dynamic cornetist Bobby Bradford, top-notch trombonist Benny Powell, keyboard maven Don Preston (from the original Mothers of Invention) and outstanding newcomer Terry Jênoure on violin and vocals. The written music was inventive (incorporating taped segments and Ashanti chants as well as echoes ricocheting from all over), the arrangements tight and demanding, and the improvisations exquisite. If you need to frame a definition for jazz, those groups seemed like useful places to start.

Or you could start with Craig Harris and his Tailgater's Tales. The selections for his set came from his new album, *Shelter*, which Harris describes as "a musical documentation of the homeless situation in the world today, which grew out of the fact that Olu Dara and Henry Threadgill and David Murray and myself all play what we call the shelter circuit, for the homeless here in the city." This quintet (Harris on trombone and didjeridu, Eddie E.J. Allen on trumpet, Don Byron on clarinet, Anthony Cox on bass, Pheeroan Ak Laff on drums) muscled its way through charts that were so well-penned the group sounded twice as big. If the rhythm section is half the battle, with this one the war's outcome was never in

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doubt, whether the point was rock-hard funk or cross-rhythmic firestorms. Harris the composer is fond of sharply contrasting A/B themes for his heads, and these brilliant jump-cuts—lowdown blues and frantic hard bop, for instance—forced his players to stay on their toes as they wound their improvisations through the shifting thicket during one of the most amazing nights of the series.

New Winds (Robert Dick on flutes, J.D. Parran on clarinets, Ned Rothenberg on saxes) took the World Saxophone Quartet's idea of unaccompanied wind instruments to another level. Probing the mechanics of their instruments, the trio created tonal percussive effects and launched multiphonics galore at the delighted audience. Playing tunes by Ornette and Ellington, they wove intricate section-writing into the fabric of their presentation with an enviable ease and grace. Their forthcoming album, *The Cliff*, should be a killer.

So there you have them, some shards from the JVC Jazz Festival, 1987. What sort of picture do they make, and what do they suggest about the festivals to come?

A couple of years back, when the festival's promoter, George Wein, was taking a lot of heat about never programming anything but mainstream names, he allowed Verna Gillis's Soundscape to shelter under his promotional umbrella and stage a few concerts at Irving Plaza. They were spectacular. Sun Ra and his Arkestra, the W.S.Q., Cecil Taylor, The Art Ensemble, Arto Lindsay and John Zorn were just a few of the outsiders who got into the festival then, albeit by the back door. But those were one-shot deals; until the W.M.I. series this year, there has been nothing analogous. Since the World Music Institute wants this series to continue, why don't the festival's corporate sponsors set up W.M.I. and other independent promoters as a sort of farm team? Doing so would help to expand the audience for a new generation of composers, arrangers, performers. Ten years down the line, when many of the people who packed Avery Fisher (at over $30 a head) to see Ella Fitzgerald this year will be, like her, beneath the ground, there'll be a new audience already educated to new sounds—and JVC will know what to program, because they'll have found out the good old-fashioned American way, by empirical testing in the marketplace. □

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National Director of Development for 9to5, National Asssociation of Working Women. Grant writing and telemarketing supervision. Excellent writing skills and political experience essential. Cleveland location. Salary $20s. Send resume to Martha Gibbons, 614 Superior Avenue N.W., Cleveland, OH 44113.

THE GUARDIAN, an independent left newsweekly, seeks a full-time news editor. Position requires strong editing and writing skills. Serious commitment to and familiarity with left politics and movements a must. Low pay, long hours, but great political and personal rewards. Excellent health benefits. Women and Third World people given strong preference. Send resume to: Guardian Coordinating Committee, 33 West 17th Street, New York, NY 10011. (212) 691-0404.

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POSITIONS AVAILABLE

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Community foundation that supports social change projects seeks Executive Director with experience in fundraising, public relations, management and nonprofit administration. Salary $27,000-$32,000. Resumes: Liberty Hill, PO Box 1074, Venice, CA 90294. (213) 458-1450. An Equal Opportunity Employer.

THE NATION has a full-time, entry-level position available in its copy department. Excellent proofreading skills a must. Respond to Nation Box 263.

TECNICA

Nonprofit international development/technical assistance organization for Nicaragua has the following full-time positions available.

Field Office—Managua

FIELD DIRECTOR—Direct all operations of Managua office; supervise staff; financial oversight; relations with agencies that use volunteers. Fluent Spanish required.

NEWSLETTER EDITOR—Interview and write articles for national newsletter. Familiarity with technical/development issues important. Fluent Spanish.

National Office—Berkeley

DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATE—Major donor and foundation program, includes research, proposals, reports, solicitations. Minimum 3 years experience. $18,000-$20,000 DOE plus benefits.

PROGRAM COORDINATOR—Manage monthly volunteer delegations to Nicaragua, national recruitment, office administration. Spanish helpful. Salary $16,000-$20,000 DOE plus benefits.

Please send resumes to TECNICA, 2727 College Avenue, Berkeley,CA 94705. Indicate the position you are applying for.

ORGANIZER (half-time) wanted by N.Y.C. Democratic Socialists of America. Responsibilities include office administration, organizing membership meetings, outreach and coalition coordination. Salary $500-$700/month plus health insurance. Send applications to N.Y.C. D.S.A., 15 Dutch Street, New York, NY 10038. Deadline: August 7.

RESEARCH DIRECTOR for Democracy Project, a public-policy institute. Strong research and writing skills required. Journalism background preferred. Send resume, clips (no calls) by August 14 to 215 Park Avenue South, #1814, New York, NY 10003.

PUBLICATIONS

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, "Promoting the Arts in Small Communities," $6. Special prices for bulk orders.

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ACCURACY IN OPPOSITION: Using reason as the alternative to religious superstition. $6 per year, sample $1. American Rationalist, Box 994, Dept. E, St. Louis, MO 63188.

CARING FOR YOUR OWN DEAD. With or without a funeral director. Moving, 343-page book with state laws, practical information. Widely acclaimed. $14.95. Hardcover, $19.95. Upper Access Publishers, Box 457-C, Hinesburg VT 05461. (802) 482-2988.

CENTRAL AMERICA FOR THE BEGINNER: Understanding American Foreign Policy. $3. CenAm, 1817 Welton, Denver, CO 80202.

FREE! Nation 1958-1986, almost complete. Call (616) 345-1908, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

THE TREASURY MONETARIST. The best newsletter on money, banking and the Federal Reserve. Introductory 1-year subscription FREE. Write: Monetary Science, Box 86-NA, Wickliffe, OH 44092.

THE HOLISTIC TIMES, monthly newsletter relating politics to holistic health, encouraging America's self-actualization. $25 per year, $3 single issue. Box 803417, Chicago, IL 60680-3417.

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The Naturist Society
PO Box 132-N, Oshkosh, WI 54902

ATTENTION BIRD LOVERS! Author's query for a book on career of woman environmentalist 1929-1962. If you knew Rosalie Edge of the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association and the Emergency Conservation Committee, or know someone who did, please write Robin Epstein at The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

THE STRANGE CASE OF BABY M

"It seems that a woman can rent her womb in the state of New Jersey, although not her vagina . . ."

Outspoken as usual, Katha Pollitt tackles the surrogacy question in the May 23 issue of The Nation. With verve and style she dissects "contract motherhood," finding it demeaning and disturbing, rewarding paternalism and a paradigm of reproductive Reaganomics.

For a copy of the issue featuring Pollitt's important article, send a $3 check or money order, payable to The Nation, to Box L, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add appropriate sales tax.)

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TRAVEL

"ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER," facts, destinations, recommendations on unusual cruising. $3 TravLtips, Box 188U7A, Flushing, NY 11358.

NICARAGUA. People-to-people, one-week trip delegations from Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, or join us in Mexico City. Write for summer or fall schedule: Office of the Americas, 1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401. (213) 451-2428.

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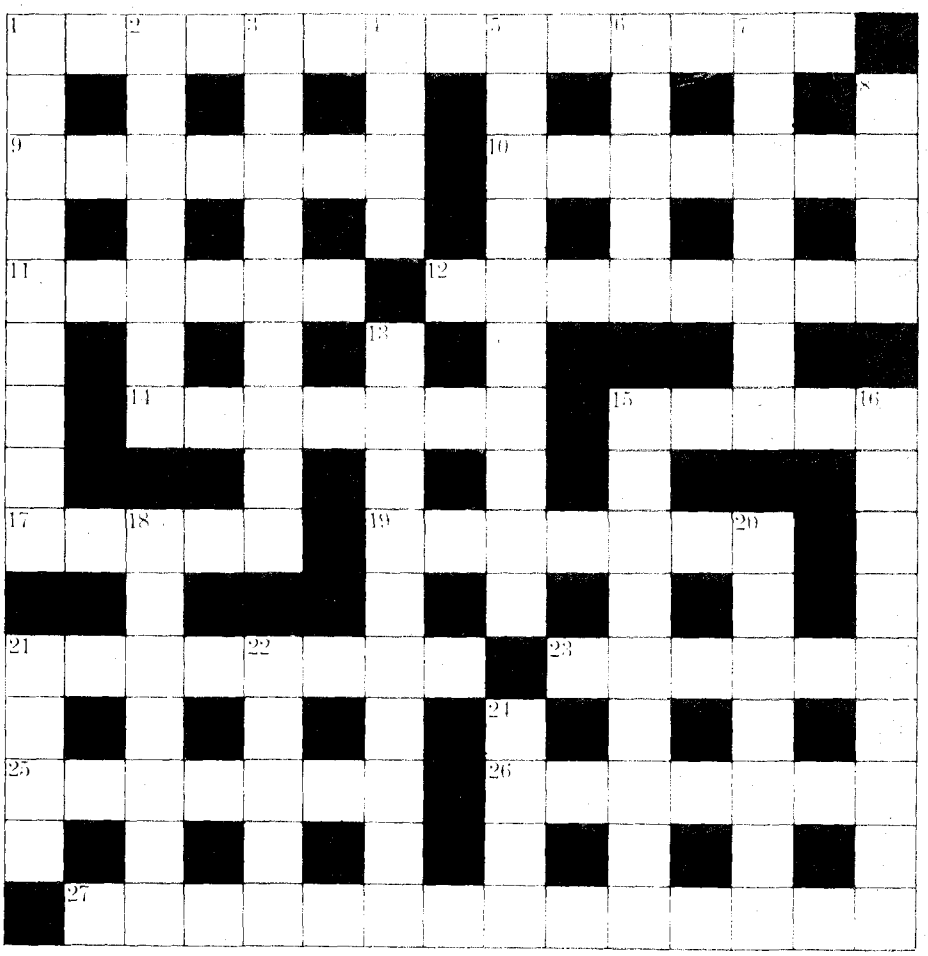
Crossword Puzzle No. 2159

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Was the chopper grounded when they did? One does it as a peaceful gesture. (4,3,7)
9 With speech elongated, you find a level of authority there. (7)
10 Learn one way, and so get around it in Italy. (7)
11 Is what stands for a man a person like Quixote? What a collision! (4-2)
12 What is able to go in here? Anything worthless has that capability. (5,3)
14 You have to undo latches to find where the books might be kept! (7)
15 Female graduate—or the place from which one came to test another's wisdom? (5)
17 What's nice about the capital of Ecuador? She is, relatively! (5)
19 Wind—pretty nasty to the German! (7)
21 Almost all the fruit has a purpose, which elicits a form of approval. (8)
23 Dawkins was certainly the artful type, though he didn't play on the team as one. (6)
25 How the churchman responded when questioned as to his identity, being independent of experience. (1,6)
26 Revolutionary cadet to find in a little passage, at the end of work. (7)
27 Hired thug in a labor dispute has a common article to bend out of shape on a fancy hat. That's one way to start a fight! (2,2,3,7)

DOWN

1 To exist with the sort on part of the stove, he wrote many notes (four of which might be associated with Victory). (9)
2 Tries again, perhaps, in the guise of Shearer. (7)
3 and 8 Urban dialect? It's newsworthy! (4,2,3,4)
4 One's put out—because of times past. (4)
5 Was one responsible for a crawl, being from a different country around such as Capone? (10)
6 Pays a visit, or at least telephones—as one sees in the poker game. (5)
7 Trouble with the audio receivers? Evidently are bothered with each the same way. (7)
8 See 3
13 The guy who wrote this sounds like something one can take hold of! (3,7)
15 You might have to ask for this separately. (Dies as an example of it.) (4,5)
16 It's really a new growth of grass, but sounds as though you've finished your figure class . . . (9)
18 . . . and here's grass to spare, perhaps! (7)
20 Such a race might be held at great difficulty. (7)
21 A female, obviously, but in the first person. (4)
22 A little foot trouble which is reputedly mighty grown up. (5)
24 Animal under the direction of something very clumsy, but crafty, in a sense. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

TRAVEL

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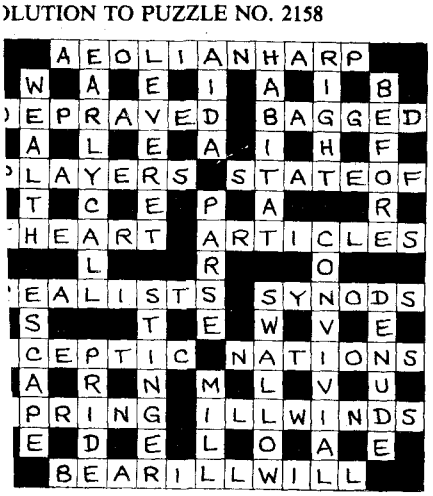
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2158



X-523

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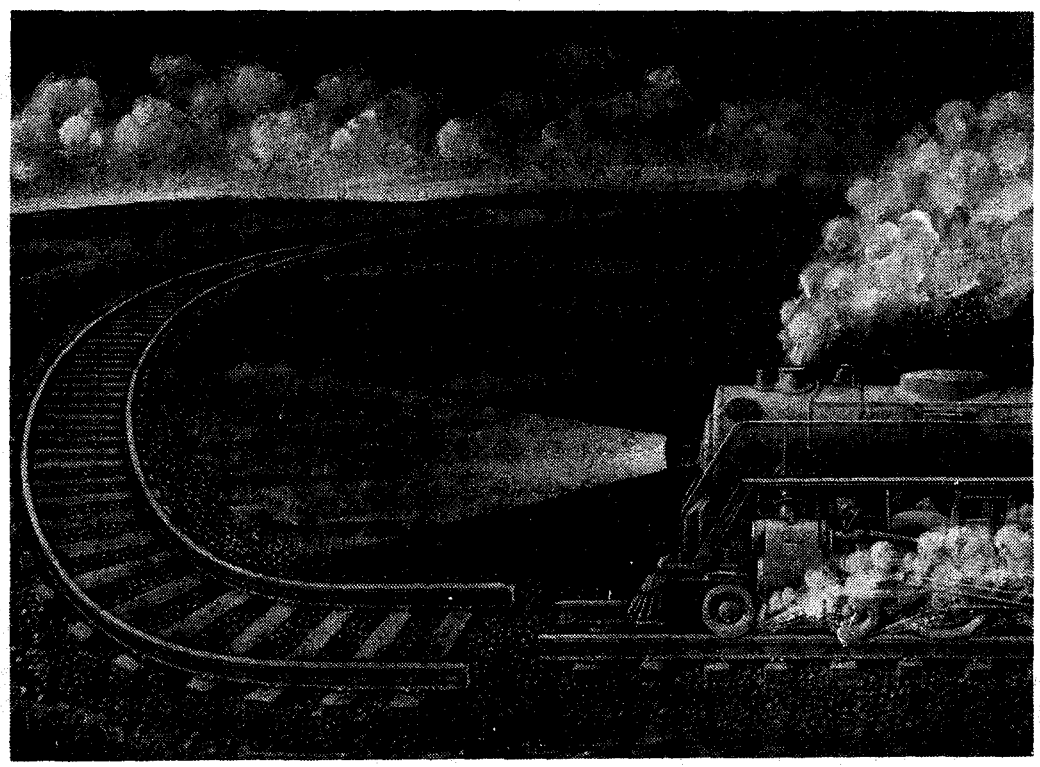
Issues of the Information Age:

The way beyond Babel.



Imagine trying to build a railroad system if every locomotive manufacturer used a different track gauge. Every local stretch of railroad had its own code of signals. And in order to ride a train, you needed to know the gauges and the signals and the switching procedures and the route and the conductor's odd pronunciation of the station names.

The business of moving and managing information is in a similar state today. Machines can't always talk to each other. Proprietary systems and networks abound, with suppliers often jockeying to make theirs the de facto standard. The enormous potential of the Information Age is being dissipated by incompatibility.

The solution, as we see it, is common standards which would allow electronic systems in one or many locations to work together. People will be informed and in control, while the systems exchange, process, and act on information automatically.

AT&T is working with national, international, and industry-wide organizations to set up comprehensive, international standards to be shared by everyone who uses and provides information technology. We think it's time for everyone in our industry to commit to developing firm, far-reaching standards. The goal: to provide our customers with maximum flexibility and utility. Then, they can decide how and with whom to work.

We foresee a time when the promise of the Information Age will be realized. People will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity through a vast, global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers. They'll be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today.

The science is here now. The technology is coming along rapidly. But only with compatibility will the barriers to Telecommunity recede.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.℠

We're committed to leading the way.

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